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THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR UPSON

2/vol

THE COLLECTED POEMS

OF

ARTHUR UPSON

"Ex Libris"

In an old book at even as I read
Fast-fading words adown my shadowy page,
I crossed a tale of how, in other age
At Arqua, with his books around him, sped
The word to Petrarch; and with noble head
Bowed gently o'er his volume, that sweet sage
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.
And they who found him whispered, "He is dead!"
Thus timely from old comradeships would I
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,
~~Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,~~
~~And still; let but these guileless friends be by~~
And no light shine save my low study light—
Lest of his kind intent some human ery
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

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THE

COLLECTED POEMS

OF

ARTHUR UPSON

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

RICHARD BURTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

DISCARDED

MINNEAPOLIS
EDMUND D. BROOKS
1909

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THE TIDES OF SPRING

A Dramatic Romance

IN A COPY OF "THE TIDES OF SPRING"

FOR EDMUND AND EDITH BROOKS

August, 1908.

To age-old Chronicles and ancient Songs
This youthful tale of Margaret belongs:
Rooted in wintry gloom, Time's orchard glows
With fragrant Blossoms mocking Winter's snows.
So Love around this cold, bewildered Earth
Sweeps like a flood, and lo! the Spring has birth!

THE TIDES OF SPRING

Persons

Malcolm Ceannmor, *son of Donnchad, King of Scotland.*
Comnall Bogaig, *the King's Steward.*
Father Theodoric, *Confessor to Margaret Ætheling.*
The Mormaer of Buchan.
The Mormaers of Lennox, Ængus, and Marr.
Two Northumbrian Envoys.
Attendants.

Margaret Ætheling.
Her Companions and Attendants.

Scene: Scotland. Time: A. D. 1067.

The scene passes upon a broad platform over the gateway of King Malcolm's Tower at Dunfermline. At the right, the great square tower, with a spacious arched passage from the hall within. The parapets of the platform sweep in a circle from the tower around the back of the scene. Beyond them stretches an apple orchard, which would seem to crowd up to the very gate of the castle, for tree-tips, white with bloom, rise above the parapets, and send shoots of blossom through them against the floor of the platform. The orchard, and a great expanse of brilliant green moorland, fill the middle background, sloping down to the glimmering waters of the Firth of Forth, beyond which dimly rise toward the snowy clouds of a May morning, the huge forms of Dunedin Rock, surmounted by its Maiden Castle, and

the other hills of the Lothian shore. As the scene opens, bird-songs are heard, and a few martlets dart about the tower, and off among the white boughs.

[*Enter* MALCOLM, COMNALL, *and* BUCHAN.

MALCOLM

A blue-eyed morning born of a black night!
Think ye the ship was wrecked?

COMNALL

That shall your men,
Ridden toward Inchcolm, straight returning say.

MALCOLM

As eyes may clear yon silver leagues, 't would seem
Safe beached along the strand their vessel lies.

BUCHAN

This eastward tower, which draws the faintest beam
Into the lofty chamber where I sleep,
Hath a tall casement; through it bright-haired dawn,
Grey-footed, steps to my obscure dull couch
An hour before the castle wakes.
Last night
The lightning's tooth gleamed; all the scaly Firth
Lolled heaving far below my heavenward cell.

As I stared down across the sodden moors,
There, like a swaying marsh-fire, faintly shone
A cresset on the mast-head of yon ship —
A tall-stemmed flower of flame in the windy night.

MALCOLM

Had they day enough to land by?

BUCHAN

As I gazed,
I saw the mighty pall of mist and gloom
Roll up before the dawn, and pleasant day
Scatter white peace among your apple-trees.

MALCOLM

I marvel much what vessel this may be.
None of our coasting galleys. What think you?

COMNALL

Some false Northumbrian bearing men and arms
To Dunbar, blown beyond his narrow port
And up into the fingers of his foes.

MALCOLM

Ride, gentle Buchan! Follow after hard,
And bring us news of them!

BUCHAN

I 'll fill the glen
With tripping echoes; and along the braes
Come skimming like those Summer-Wanderers
That flashed on Buchan in the days of Indulph!

MALCOLM

Ride on. We 'll watch thee spurn the heathery sod
On Imair's back!

BUCHAN (*singing over the parapet*).

Eoin, lead up Imair! [*Exit.*

MALCOLM

Sweet-burdened airs lift through my blossom-boughs
Up to the stern face of these fortresses
Like a bride's breath upon her warrior's lips.
A sacrament is in them. They do change
All common substance into holy dream!

COMNALL

I 'll set the masons at yon buttress where
The storm washed out the bank. To think it crumbles,
And I alive when this whole glen ran wild!
I 'll go and set the masons at it.

MALCOLM

Stay.
Plain speech between us two. Somewhat thou saidst
Concerning an alliance with the South
Last night in supper-talk.
I love a maid
Ten budded Springs have found me starving for —
To all my dream of happiness on earth
The one white garden gate! Yet far away
In Hungary, her mother's queenly home,
Having fled in ships from Norman arrogance,
She dwells. An exile, I was comforted
By her pure eyes at Holy Edward's court.

COMNALL

A boy must dream. Kings marry not for love.

MALCOLM

So? I must choose, thou sayest? The hour consents;
'T is fit that I forget my late-dead queen,
And wed, unloved, slim Ætha of the Dales,
Welding the southern Angles to my sword
Against my father's son, mad Donald Ban?
Or, failing this Northumbrian alliance,
Won at the cost of a mere wedding-mass,
See my land scorched in war and brothers' hate?

COMNALL

Northumbria knit to us, the great Bass Rock
Were sooner split than we. If not to us,
To their earl's friend, Gospatric, will they cleave,
And, land and sea, they will be hosting hither
At Donald Ban and base Gospatric's heels.

MALCOLM

A princess's favour is a precious thing!
Ships and ten thousand spearmen wait her nod,
And immemorial kingdoms dread her cry.

COMNALL

Nay, Malcolm! Picture not this fourfold realm
Poised in a maiden's hand!

MALCOLM

Ye poise it there
Who came last night with such demands to me.

COMNALL

We demand not. The Lia Faill at Scone
No woman parchment-pale shall crumble up!
We offer you a choice. I counsel marriage.

MALCOLM

Strong is the twisted oak in time of storm.
The ancient ashlar of this door of Atholl
Shall bend not. Thou art he, Comnall Bogaig !

COMNALL

What mighty stem will not age bow at last ?
The seasoned door-post feels the winding worm.
Heed counsel while this tongue may utter it.

MALCOLM

I love thee well. My goods, my blood, my steel,
Will I heap up even to what thou gavest,
Redeeming me this kingdom sometime lost
To Maelbaeth and the Orkney jarl. But not
A second time will I go beg a heart
That leaps not at the mention of bestowal,
Shutting mine own to love ! Once did I so.

COMNALL

Well wived were you with Orkney Ingibiorg.

MALCOLM.

My heart was never wed. She wived my state.
Our son hath these four nations for his sire !

COMNALL

Cumbrians, Cruithne, Lothians, and we
The venerable Dalriadic tribe,
Shall bite the edges of the Norman blade!

MALCOLM

Truly, the worm is at thee. Thou art old.
The knotty door-post of this kingdom cracks.

COMNALL

Yea, old. My thought is all with other days
Bright-ringing. Have not conquest and defeat
Beneath one banner long-time lured me on?
I fought beside King Malcolm, son of Kenneth,
When we with Eocho and his Cumbrians
At Carrum slew five hundred score, and won
For Alban all delightful Lothian,
Pushing our bounds unto the silver Tweed.
There my thin axe kissed Cuthel, thanking him
For the good gash that baptized me Bogaig.
Ere Malcolm died, Bethoc, his daughter, bore
Thy father Donnchad. I was at the font
And held him wailing to the Abbot's sign
That made him Christian; and strong limbs had he!
Him saw I crowned at Scone when Malcolm died.
These be old deeds, like deeds in other lives.

MALCOLM

Speak more of them. They are like trumpets calling!

COMNALL

With Donnchad I was driven back from Durham,
And, fleeing, turned to see their city towers
Festooned with warriors' heads, their bratachs fringed
With hair of fallen chiefs. I sailed in ships
From Tay to Pentland Skerries, wintry shores,
To rout that Thorfinn, son of Bethoc's sister,
Who wrongly swayed Caithness and Sutherland.
Donnchad and Moddan sailed, and I thereto.
Moddan was slain, and Donnchad beaten back
And likewise slain. And I alone lived on.
Then followed bitter years. Yet I lived on.
Now after many wars I see thee whole,
Foul Maelbaeth, evil Lulach, blotted out,
And all thine ancient rights restored to thee;
And up and down the narrow, winding seas
Blow ships of tribute to thee night and day:
St. Brendan, seven years sailing, did but touch
The promontories of those Western Isles!
Thou Ceannmor, out of all that ever wore
The tartan of the seven stains, thou art
Raised highest on the gory crest of fate.
But, hear my word, soon thou art like to fall,

And we shall bear thee through Drumalban's doors,
Seat thee upon thy ship, and sorrowful
Up the green Street of the Dead go sailing on
To dim Iona and the dust of Kings.
Listen to me, for I indeed am old.

MALCOLM

Comnal Bogaig, I have bestowed upon thee
Dunbar, that hangs out o'er the German Sea,
With all its honours, titles, and renown,
While thou wast speaking. Wear this torque of gold,
Mormaer of Dunbar!

COMNALL

I am eaten up
With hungry years: what can I more with gold?
Dunbar thou gavest Gospatric. He is young.
What thou to him in friendship gavest, thou
In friendship hadst the pleasure of bestowing;
Gospatric cannot pay thee back thy pleasure,
So shouldst thou do ill, taking back his lands
Since his love turned. In this world mutable
Friendship's like tides, and love like waning moons:
Thy moment's joy of them alone is sure.
All friendship's score is paid with one brief glance.

MALCOLM

Now God be thanked kings get not old and wise,
But fall in battle's front! — Yet one might live
And by discourse with elders learn to sift
The wisdom from their bitterness. What think'st thou?

COMNALL

We need two lives to learn. When we are old,
We would turn backward and be young, to use
The wisdom of old age which no men use.

MALCOLM

Somehow, blind struggle for it seems the best!
Wise hearts are full of ashes: better flame!
I will defend my land, but I will love:
My loving shall but stronger buttress me
To beat back oceans of our enemies!

COMNALL

That is the readiest way to get thee wise.

MALCOLM

This life that thrills our youth must be obeyed,
And I believe, because it comes to me

Inflowing with the holy youth of things,
That I am somehow wise in bending to it.
My father, Donnchad, was a lover true,
And once in battle I heard him singing how
He came through branchy woods to her he loved
Sitting alone upon her castle wall
With downward gaze along a twisted stream,
The thin green wine-of-swans that ran beneath.
Her hair was showers of sunset gold; her eyes
Were clear blue stars like dewy corn-grass bloom;
One dark vein spelt the whiteness of her brows.
She sang an ancient song of lovely aisles,
Eamhna and the Islands of the Sea,
Eamhna Abhlach of the Apple-trees,
Of blooming apple-trees and groves of yew.

COMNALL

(Nay, for Maelmaira was a dark-eyed girl,
And sang not songs about the Western Isles!)

MALCOLM

Her voice was like fresh silver beaten out
On musical fairy anvils. Her clear cheeks
Glowed like the sunrise on a secret pool
Before the hunter's horn stirs up the hills.

COMNALL

Maelmaira was a dark-skinned maid, his wife.

MALCOLM

Thou knowest Donnchad's sons were motherless
From birth. Maybe this is some childish dream,
Yet I deem not; my mother was blue-eyed!

COMNALL

Young Donnchad wedded Anglian Maelmaira,
Yet loved another. And to him each bore
In the same year a son.

MALCOLM

Thou speakest false!

COMNALL

And death took Maelmaira from such cold love,
Who, ere she died, let make a golden rood
To prove her son. Thy kingdom hangs thereon:
Without this proof, shall Donald Ban prevail.

MALCOLM

O curséd wisdom!

COMNALL

Thou sayest that rood is lost;
But unto me the truth alone will serve!

MALCOLM

It seems to me Iona's dead arise
With dreadful secrets glowing in their souls,
And all my fathers tremble.

COMNALL

Speak! The rood!

MALCOLM

It is not by me. . . . Would that I could curse thee!
Old man, I have told thee it is lost!

COMNALL

What girl
Hath wound herself within thy open heart?

MALCOLM

I wax wise, for I learn of hidden things;
And doubly wise, for mine own heart shouts up
That we are fools in judgment!

COMNALL

Pray, the rood!

MALCOLM

I gave it to the Princess Margaret,
Who is as pure as lilies rained upon!

COMNALL

But who yet wears thy kingdom 'twixt her breasts!

MALCOLM

What 's in that curious chasing of red gold,
What talisman, or wonder magical,
That conjures kingdoms?

COMNALL

'T is a sacred token.
It was thy mother's death-gift.

MALCOLM

Maelmaira!
My boyhood was lit up with dreams of her;
My cross was given to one I thought like her —
With hair like showers of sunset gold, with eyes
Like slow blue stars that melt above the dawn!

COMNALL

Maelmaira was a dark-eyed princess!

MALCOLM

God,
How dost Thou play with passions of us men!

COMNALL

Within that rood dwell part of the True Cross,
And a sealed parchment proving thee her son.
He of the yellow hair, thy father's son,
And fell Gospatric, cunningly contrive
Thy ruin with forged proof of thy base birth.

MALCOLM

What powers have they?

COMNALL

Maelsnechtan, son of Lulach,
Busying himself in Moray, that firm seat
Of treachery; and bold Northumbria
That fights for fighting's sake; and, back of her,
The Norman host that gnaws up from the South.

MALCOLM

I have had all the counsel of thy years
In this?

COMNALL

Send out immediate embassy
To the Northumbrian, suing Ætha's hand.
Thus only canst thou shun most doubtful war,
And waste to many a tall, wave-listening town.

MALCOLM

Age reasons long where youth at once divines.
Canst thou not figure in thy deep, rich mind
A prince who would do well, and yet who doth
Risk a round kingdom for his own desire?

COMNALL

Thy word! I will dispute not. Send to-day!

MALCOLM

Not for a thousand kingdoms! Thou hast lived,
Thou hast fought up and down on many a coast,
But not within ten thousand leagues of love
Hath all thy shipping ever shipped thy heart!

COMNALL

I see white peace go fading from the land:
Alcluith shall wail, and high Scone vomit blood!

MALCOLM

Blood? Not enough hath run in all the men
In all our race, from Pharaoh's daughter down,
To buy one blush of her! And if all that
I could spill out with mine own hand, I'd go
And spill it, for the touch of her red lips!

COMNALL

Alban, my Alban, where is Atholl now!
O Buchan, thou art come betimes. The King
Is mad!

[*Enter* BUCHAN.

MALCOLM

Yea, mad, good gentle Buchan! Mad
With long-pent fury of remorseless longings!
I would slay all the wise, and all the old,
And every man that says not youth is good!
And every man that lives by rote and rule!
Methinks 't would be a most beguiling thing
To slay all men — and live with her alone!

BUCHAN

I have ridden, Malcolm, and return to you.

MALCOLM

What sayest thou? Ah, the ship! It matters not.
There have been mighty deeds set going here.
We are to have good fighting, so it seems.
Come Ængus, Marr, and Lennox from that ship?

BUCHAN

With the ship's people straightway.

MALCOLM

Good. They 'll ride
To all my loyal mormaers, who shall light
Balefires from Ardnamurchan to Caithness,
From Tweed to the remotest Nordrey isle!
Go thou, Comnall Bogaig. Announce my words!

COMNALL

My years are slipping down into a gulf! [*Exit.*

MALCOLM

Red buds, white blossoms, on this tree of love!
How many sail have I on Clyde?

BUCHAN

Fourteen.

MALCOLM

On Moray Firth?

BUCHAN

Eight ships and galleys three.

MALCOLM

How many on the Tay?

BUCHAN

A score, well-manned.

MALCOLM

And fifteen on the Forth. Three-score stout vessels —
A good sea-gathering. As for horse and foot,
Like bloom of gorse along these granite hills
They 'll flame from every crag and scoop.

BUCHAN

Your men
With all the folk of the storm-driven ship
Are winding up the brae to Dunfermline.

MALCOLM

These look not warlike. Of what land are they?

BUCHAN

They hail from London, for the German coast.
Three ships they had, and this was blown astray.

MALCOLM

Will they be Normans?

BUCHAN

Saxon is their tongue.

MALCOLM

They look not warlike, neither merchant-like.
Is yon a priest, astride of Marr's big roan?

BUCHAN

It would seem so. I made no talk with them,
But only found that peaceful —

MALCOLM

Ængus there
Leads his brown mare. . . . A woman sits her. . . .
Why,
She sits her as a queen might. Who is she?

BUCHAN

I stayed not. Only this I heard: great loads
Of gold and silver, silk and linen bales,
And a most fair and gracious lady, bore
The stranded barque —

MALCOLM

See, from that foamy tree
She tears a spray. . . . Look! The mare stumbles,
Buchan!
Speed thou and walk with Ængus, leading her.

[*Exit* BUCHAN.

The word comes out of England, many ships
Laden with Saxon nobles flee away
From Norman William's wrath and arrogance.
Why swells my throat up throbbing? Christ!
What 's this?
Shall the pale oceans plunging round the world
Heed my heart's current with its cry to her?
Shall the indifferent storm wash up to me
Some tidings of her from the South? . . . She
laughs. . . .
She is clad in costly linens . . . young and tall . . .
The gateway swallows them. . . .

[*A pause.* *Enter* BUCHAN.

BUCHAN

Where will you, Malcolm,
The Saxon strangers be received of you?
The lady, a nun, two women, and the priest,
With the ship's pilot, and their several servants.

MALCOLM

Fetch the priest hither, Buchan. See that all
Be nobly housed. But bring the father here.

[*Exit* BUCHAN. MALCOLM *sings.*

The song of how Finvella slew young Kenneth:
Of Cunchar, she, the great brown supple daughter

Who ruled in Ængus where the wave goes sobbing,
Sister of lithe Crathiliuth, whom Kenneth,
King Malcolm's son, at Dunsinnan, did murder —
[*Enter* Father Theodoric *and Attendant.*

Malcolm

You are welcome, father. Every storm that blows
Bears us toward welcomes, if we brave it out!

Theodoric

The peace of God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost, dwell on this ground!

Malcolm

Thou couldst not, sir, more cheerlessly begin!
I am for slaughter!

Theodoric

Yet upon this house
I call down peace from heaven, like cool dew.
We who escaped the fury of the winds
Crave peace for all. The lady of our ship
I would commend to gentlewomen's care.

Malcolm

There are few women here, yet those shall fetch
Your lady pleasant fare. . . . Know you the court
Of England?

THEODORIC

My lord, too well.

MALCOLM

The ancient court;
Not the proud, sudden Norman.

THEODORIC

Golden days
Of silver sanctus-bell across the Thames!

MALCOLM

Knew you the Holy Edward's nephew, him
Whom they call Edgar Ætheling?

THEODORIC

I did.

MALCOLM

I had acquaintance of him once when I
Dwelt at his uncle's court in sullen days.
And had he not a younger sister? She
With him by now should be in Hungary.

THEODORIC

You have heard rightly. They two sailed away.

MALCOLM

Where now they dwell at peace in noble state?

THEODORIC

Not so. Delayed, but lately sailed their ships.
They could not yet have touched their mother's land.

MALCOLM

There have been storms of late.

THEODORIC

Yea, heavy seas!

MALCOLM

Oh, she perchance hath felt the wind's harsh edge,
And the rude sting of brine against her cheek!

THEODORIC

Always that maiden took delight in storm,
And dipping on the back of billowy seas.
She loveth the wave-music round high cliffs
And verberating caverns. All her soul
Cries back unto its clashing.

MALCOLM

Priest, I think
Thou knowest well this maid! Oh, speak of her!

THEODORIC (*aside to the Attendant*)

Say thou 't is well; she may in safety come.
[*Exit Attendant.*

THEODORIC

She is the pearl of Saxon womanhood!
Thou hast done well to treasure her in mind.
I am her ghostly father; yet to her
More fitly might I come for shrift than she
To any priest, she is so pure a being!

MALCOLM

Art thou her priest! Oh, let me kneel to thee,
And purge my spirit at thy holy feet! [*Kneels.*

THEODORIC

Here is a lady who can tell of her.

[*Enter* MARGARET ÆTHELING, *bearing a spray of apple-blossoms, which she holds to her face.*

MALCOLM (*still kneeling*)

Lady, if you have word or token fair
To yield me of the Princess Margaret,
I beg you speak! How look her noble eyes? . . .
Are they undimmed by all these heavy days? . . .

Hath she a suitor? . . . Oh, how many suitors
Beseech the inviolate stars for her still love? . . .
You answer not. . . . Oh, she is wed away!
Speak — Speak! Your cruel silence bears me down!

MARGARET (*in a low voice, standing aloof, with downcast eyes*)

Unwed is she; despoiled of princely state;
And even now cast on an alien shore.

MALCOLM (*springing up*)

I will send thirty ships to succour her!

MARGARET

But thirty ships would scarce endure. She 's held
By a most warlike chief — one who, men say,
Hates peace and loves but war!

MALCOLM

O hellish fiend!
Where? Where? But tell me where, and threescore keels
Shall thread the winding furrows of the deep
And bear her to me! Buchan! Lennox! Marr!

[*Enter* BUCHAN, LENNOX, MORR, *and others.*

MARGARET

Leave all those vessels beached along the shore.
Safer than by the sails of many ships,
Wafted most kindly is she brought to you
By your compelling love.

MALCOLM

You speak in runes.
How safe? How brought? How loved-compelled to me?

MARGARET

By magic potions and by devious charms
Which I will teach you. First, take apple-boughs
And hold them close before your tight-shut eyes.

MALCOLM

Come, lady, this is mockery!

MARGARET

Little faith
Ever abode in men. Nay, then I 'll hold!

MALCOLM

Nay, hold it not from me! Instruct me now.
I 'll be your duteous pupil. Here, good priest,

Abide my witness, in her name 't is done;
So make it serious business.

[*Breaks off a spray of blossom from a branch over the parapet.*

MARGARET

Now, attend
Whiles I recite the charm.

MALCOLM

May I not see
What sort of witch this woman is, good priest?
Why turns she from us? So sweet voices go
Ever with lovely faces! Oh, 't is like —

MARGARET

Father, I will withdraw. I see this prince
Hath not respect for divinations! Come! [*To her women.*

THEODORIC

King Malcolm, patience! Daughter, turn about.
Now keeps he the condition of thy charm,
And the light magic which thou canst unfold
Will bind him presently. Pray, teach him this!

MARGARET

If he attend not, or if he so much
As be caught with an eyelid wavering —
I 'll stop the charm.
'T was on a May day sweet.
Three children danced with rose and eglantine
Round a tall maypole in a garden green
In Thorney Isle, which was a king's estate.
The king, all grave and kind, stepped from his house
Leading a youth named Malcolm, Scotland's heir,
Who by foul wrong must tread an alien shore.
A sunset beauty burned upon his face,
And his eyes smouldered. He was sad and proud.
And when the King bade young Prince Edgar leave
And courteously attend Prince Malcolm, then
His sister Margaret swore a round small oath
Because, a girl, she must needs stay behind.
And then the dark, tall, deep-eyed boy turned back,
Hearing that girl's-oath choke her — turned, and took
Her hand in his, and smiled deep down her eyes.

Then Edgar showed him all the stables round,
The dark prince holding fast the maiden's hand;
The mews next, with the hawks and falcons. These
Set a stern fire ablaze within his eyes,
For they were captive exiles far from home.
And presently, as Edgar brought to him

The King's own precious hawk, Llandudno-bred,
The fire blazed out in act. He seized the bird,
Snapped off his leashes, clipped his scarlet hood,
And sped him spurless to his native home!
And Edgar, wrathful, ran to tell the groom.

But Malcolm calm, and the maid still with joy,
Smiled to each other silently. His speech
Was grave and brief. They wandered all that morn
Along dim Abbey cloisters, by the shores
Of fair Westminster, where the tender sun
Made bright the Mary-buds in Charing holts.
There sat they down beside the glistening waves,
Watching the swallows, and the white slow swans.

MALCOLM

Enough! Enough!

MARGARET

Stay! Shatter not the charm!

MALCOLM (*starting towards her*)

Thou art the maid!

MARGARET

King Malcolm, be not sudden.
That Margaret, who, once an Ætheling's child —
Stay — she can bring thee naught of royal dower
Save honour of an ancient royal name —
That only, and . . . her love . . .

MALCOLM (*embracing her*).

Her love ! her love !

[*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT

King Malcolm, from the Steward Comnall, hail !
Northumbrian envoys bide within, whom he
Beseeches you to wait upon.

MALCOLM

Pray them
Come hither, and salute proud Scotland's Queen !

[*Exit Servant.*

Will not this castle, holding so much joy,
Presently topple round us, O my love ?

MARGARET

Nay, for this grassy star we name our world
Is balanced betwixt deep and throbbing deep,
And riveted in space by love like ours !

MALCOLM

Thine eyes drink up the long night of my life !

MARGARET

And day flows round us from the dusk of dreams!

[*Enter* COMNALL, *with two Northumbrian Envoys.*

MALCOLM

My noble friends, right welcome! Ye are come
In a most happy hour. All Scotland blooms
At the home-coming of Queen Margaret.

FIRST ENVOY

Much are we honoured, yielding humble service
To the King and Queen of Scotland.

MALCOLM

Your despatch
Is from that mighty Earl who now inherits
My grandsire's old estate, Northumbria?
So should ye bring fair words. By ancient ties
Alban is knit to the Country of the Dales.

FIRST ENVOY

King Malcolm, insomuch as man with man
Fair friendly salutation may exchange,
We greet you, and your gracious Queen, of whom

Our Earl hath not been honoured with the news
That you were wed: else, other presents these.
But land with land, what love, or more or less,
Shall be maintained this letter and your mind
Shall arbitrate.

SECOND ENVOY (*reading*)

"To Malcolm, King of Scots,
Honours that all men owe to rightful kings.
If rightful king he be.

[*A stir of dissent among the* MORMAERS.

"Long life and health
If he deserve it, and can prove his right
To stand amongst the monarchs of this world."

[*Swords are drawn; there are muttered threats.*

MALCOLM

Stand back. Your steel shall thirst on yet awhile. —
Thou, sir, be bold; a threat will scar no skin.

SECOND ENVOY

"If Donald Ban have better right than you
As heir and lawful son of Donnchad, then
I and mine allies swear to aid his arms;
Unless, as, by some former words let drop

From diplomatic tongues, I am led to think,
You wish alliance with our house. So scanned,
The case runs thus: You may our daughter's hand,
The lady Ætha's, clasp across the Tweed,
And we will join your arms to punish all
Who would betray you.

" If I do mistake,
This I beseech you prove or give the lie,
Before mine envoys: Donnchad's wife, a sister
To Siward, former chieftain of this land,
Is known to have bestowed a precious rood
Into the hand of her son's guardian
Whereby the Prince might stand for his fair rights.
One of you twain, Malcolm or Donald Ban,
Is spurious; and if you cannot show
The holy sign, I shall believe the tale
Of Donald Ban, how that his mother's rood
Was stolen from him ere he fled to Wales
By Maelbaeth, the usurper of his realm.

" My arms are ready, howe'er turn the tide."

MALCOLM

Bear your great Earl the King of Scotland's service.
I am most humble in my gratitude
That he should deign to offer us his arms
To hedge my kinghood from its enemies.

He is well armed who arms both sides a fray,
And only waits the turning of the tide!

My noble friends, as I am King of Scots,
So will I die, defending that true name
Which none beneath God's stars save me alone
Hath any right to bear, or think to bear!

[*Draws his broadsword.*

By this alone I swear. Go tell your Earl
I have no rood of gold to swear by! Go!

[*The* Envoys *retreat.*

Hold, gentle messengers! One more demand
Upon your courtesies: Bear the great Earl
My promise of a cross — one cross of fire
That shall cross Tweed and cross his fallow dales
Till the streams dry, and all the fields lie sown
With his sweet allies and their rusting arms!
Haste not! Present my duty to that Earl,
Which must suffice until my threescore ships —
Mark you, threescore — bear him more goodly fee
Of my remembrance! Now Godspeed you forth!

[*Exeunt the* Envoys.

The Mormaers

Hail, Malcolm Ceannmor! Hail!

Margaret (*breaking from* Malcolm's *hand. To the* Envoys).

Stay, noble thanes.

THE MORMAERS

Hail, Margaret Ætheling! Hail!

MALCOLM

Hail, Queen of Scotland!

THE MORMAERS

Hail, Margaret, Queen of Scotland!

MALCOLM

Queen of Youth!

MARGARET

Stay, good Northumbrians! — Stop them! If I be
Your Queen indeed, ye men, take my commands!
Go stay those envoys of Northumbria!
Fetch them to me. Go, Malcolm! I command!

[*Exeunt the* MORMAERS *and* THEODORIC.

MALCOLM

They turn back, having heard thy thrilling voice.
Plead even so with Heaven for my heart
Which long upon its wilful, evil road
Hath fared. Or call my soul when Death himself
Shall summon hence! And over sin and death
Shall heart and soul fight back to life and thee!

[*Re-enter the* MORMAERS *with* ENVOYS.

MARGARET (*running toward them*).

See, in these hands the proof your Earl would have!
Here in my bosom this half-score of years
I have preserved that golden testimony!

COMNALL

Give me the rood. I know it well. Herein
Lies the white parchment proving the King's birth:
"*I, Maelmaira, did bear the dark-eyed one.*"
The seal is Abbot Fothad's, known to all,
And in its middle dwells the holy relic.

FIRST ENVOY

It is, indeed, the very proof we sought.
So rests our message altered to the Earl?

MARGARET

Our message is of peace, good friends — of peace!
Bear to your noble Earl our pledge hereon
Of friendship and long peace!
Take you the rood,
Father Theodoric, for it should be
Raised o'er us in thy consecrated hands.
Make an oath-bond between these races. Then,
While earth swings like a censer beautiful

With savour of Spring on God's blue altar-steps,
Say thou a Mass of thanks, and we will kneel
Before that holy rood, my King and I,
And our betrothal fitly solemnise.

COMNALL

Perhaps God laughs at wisdom, after all . . .
Now I remember an old proverb goes:
"Wear is better than rust, and happiness
Than wisdom!" . . . Can it be? — No, no, not that! —
That I have not grown wise in growing old!

THEODORIC

I think each soul spins wisely as he may,
And God, who weaves the garment of this life,
Draws tight the meshes of our crossing threads,
And bleaches in the sunshine of His love!

[*An altar is fetched from the Hall, and a consecration is said, while all kneel for the beginning of the Mass.*

OTHER POEMS

SPRINGTIDE OF THE SOUL

(FOR R. B.)

The flesh to fragrant whitening of the bough,
Full-flooding fields, and softening sod, doth yearn;
The spirit will to Autumn's wooing burn,
And to October is her tenderest vow:
October, Springtide of the soul! What now
May I compare to raptures that return
When round thine auburn hair these eyes discern
First the wild purple berries kiss thy brow?

My soul bends to thee, as a waiting bride,
Long from her maiden chamber searching far,
Doth see, at last, beneath the vesper star,
Her sunset lover toward her castle ride:
She flings her evening casement open wide,
And leans out through the trembling lattice-bar,
Then, turning, sets her chamber door ajar,
And flies back to the crimsoning windowside.

"Submit thyself to Beauty," cry the lords
Of this Autumnal pageant: day-end skies
That dwell in calm, like love-remembered eyes —
And the dim dusk of topaz-golden hoards

Streaking the forest like old painted words
Fading along some saint's-page fair and wise —
And windy rivers whose mingled voices rise
To smite rich, vibrant, melancholy chords.

. . . . . .

Friend of my heart! Among the Autumn trees
We walk together baring thought to thought
Of this vast symbol-earth wherein lie wrought
Hints of immortal dreams and destinies!
And you and I are part of all of these!
Ourselves mysterious emblems, tones half-caught
From voices far, wherein our souls have sought
Deep meanings, silent, 'mid earth's melodies.

TO A SONGSTRESS

(F. B. P.)

Song, full-bosomed, rapturous-throated,
  Thee, her messenger, did seize,
Ere thy deep-toned spirit floated
  Hither with its harmonies —
Ere swung out the mellow-noted
Portals of that crystal-moated
  House of heart's immortal ease.

Round her golden ramparts faring,
  Thee the glorious Angel bore,
All this sordid earth-place daring
  Thy great soul to set before —
Offered thee the hither-bearing
And the infinite sweet sharing
  Of her balm for earthly sore.

Straight thou thrilledst those imperial
  Cloudy parapets with song,
Far outflinging an aërial,
  Passionate melody along —
Then, down pathways swift, ethereal,
Through the hearkening host sidereal,
  Sped, with eager wings and strong.

FOR FIONA BRAITHWAITE

(MY GODCHILD)

Ere the Angel brought Fiona down the dusky side of dawn
Where were then those baby eyes?
Surely ne'er on earth-place shone a pair of orbs so golden-brown —
Like twin stars of evening skies!

Ere the Angel laid Fiona nestling at her mother's heart,
Where was then that baby mouth?
Surely ne'er did garden own a lovelier bud with lips that part
To the sunbeams of the South!

Ere the Angel bore Fiona to her father's wonder-kiss,
Where was then that baby hair?
Surely, fairies that corona deep in silken bowers of bliss
Made on midnight's starry-fair!

Ere the Angel left Fiona to be called and crooned
o'er soft,
Where was then that baby name?
Surely, out of dim Iona, where the sea-wind sings it
oft,
For her sake it gladly came!

OF MARGUERITE PLAYING AIRS FROM "CARMEN"

THERE'S a new beauty thrilling in my soul
  When I recall those supple childish hands
Winning the proud piano to control,
  Taming the passionate music of wild lands:

Slender maid-fingers rousing melodies
  Within the mighty sleeping instrument,
Where thunder-toned sonatas lie at ease,
  And infinite fair fugues dream on content!

Soft girl-hands that transpose the airs of Spain,
  By white, still magic, to a lovelier key
Unknown of wise *maestri*, and in vain
  Looked for in books where written measures be!

I almost think that Carmen's is no more
  The madly wilful heart, but pure and sweet,
And that her voice, not mournful as of yore,
  Sings joy beneath the touch of Marguerite!

IN EGMONT STREET

(TO THE LADY ALICIA)

PINE-BOWERED, music-haunted,
Where woods and meadows meet,
By city breath untainted,
Suburban and unvaunted:—
July made me acquainted
With lovely Egmont Street.

Fairer than e'er brush painted
Found I that sylvan street,
When thither first I jaunted;
But fairer far your sainted
And radiant face I counted—
Far fairer and more sweet!

October, coldly flaunted,
Forbids that greenwood sweet
Where music swelled and fainted—
But loving thoughts, undaunted,
Shall hold our loss unplainted
Till we again may meet!

FOR HER SEAFARING

(E. McM.)

The Sea hath his treasure of silver and gold,
And store without measure of gems manifold;
Of raiment whose splendour makes pallid the fire
Of the wonderful, tender, old fabrics of Tyre.

With mistresses various, mind to their mind,
Benignant, imperious, cruel, or kind,
His robes flowing margent when red evening rules
Is blazonry argent deep-crested in gules;

The storm that enthralls him with passionate stir
In sable recalls him to ruin and her;
When morning, ascendant, beguiles him from war,
His vesture resplendent flows azure and or.

O grim-hearted Giant, dead Saturn's stray child,
Mistrustful, defiant, we fare on thy wild —
We mortals who never may smoothen thy path,
Nor, godlike, endeavour to conquer thy wrath!

But *one* there is, calmer than ending of day,
A shrine-seeking palmer whom thou shalt obey!
For stronger and firmer than storms thou hast served,
And gentler than murmur of dawn-waves upcurved,

Her soul and her voice shall forbid thee to stir,
And thy heart shall rejoice in its bondage to her!

LAST SUMMER

(FOR C. T.)

To seek the Charles at Dedham we left Jamaica Plain
A-foot on paven highways, a-trolley and a-train
By pleasant country places, down bright suburban spaces,
Through elm-arcaded mazes, from quaint Jamaica Plain.

To find the Charles at Dedham, from prim Jamaica Plain
A thousand feet shall follow, but follow us in vain
Through Forest Hills and Highland, by many a fragrant mile-end,
And meadow-billowed island, genteel Jamaica Plain!

We found the Charles and Dedham. (Adieu, Jamaica Plain!)
We quested through the willows while day was on the wane,
Till there within the twilight, the red old-gold good-bye light,
Pale celadon, the skylight suffused the glassy plane.

Slow glides the Charles by Dedham. (Remote
Jamaica Plain!)
And none save us have seen it, and none shall see again
Save us, and us two only, in last year's visions wanly
When evening wanders lonely along Jamaica Plain!

THE LAKE

When in our drifting boat the early lights salute you,
Bending to trail your arm where yellow lilies rise,
Lifting your full, white throat to free its morning music —
Then do I dread the charm of your deep and changeful eyes!

When, at the night's young hour the first fair planet rises,
Shaking her petals' gold afar in the fields of air;
When to that flaming flower, lonely, the dim lake answers —
Then how my heart grows bold, wishing that you were there!

BALLADE

OF SYMBOLS IN THE *CLOISONNE*

(FOR A. O.)

From out the mists of Old Japan,
From antique China's wizard gloom,
Again your pallid shapes I scan,
Ye spirits of an Orient tomb
Whose presences around the room
In koro, beaker, shrine, or tray,
Vague fear from ancient faith exhume
By symbols in the *cloisonné.*

The cobalt blue of glazed Kozan,
This spun lure of an extinct loom,
The inro, and the lacquer fan,
Dream of their godown's far perfume —
But, o'er them all supreme, resume
Your cabalistic signs their sway,
And set my soul to thought of doom
By symbols in the *cloisonné.*

The virgin breast of Fuji-San;
Tomoye like the curling spume;
Jiu with its labyrinthine plan;
Flat frozen plum and lotos-bloom;

Serene Ho-wo of brilliant plume;
Dread Tatsu, and Kara-shishi gay —
All these their fateful powers assume
By symbols in the *cloisonné*.

Envoy

Spirits, your shrines I 'll gild and groom:
Only declare to me, I pray,
From all Life's ills you guard, ah, whom,
By symbols in the *cloisonné?*

LAST NIGHT'S VIOLETS

(FOR G. H.)

How fragile! Drooping quite,
  Last night they left your throat;
Fragrance had taken flight
  With your song's final note.

How sensitive! To-day,
  Fresh-nourished, they recall
Their sweets not only, nay —
  The friends, your music, all!

THE RUIN AND THE ROSE

(FOR R. S. P.)

Of all the colonnade
Thou, fragment white, remainest —
Thou, only, unbetrayed,
Hint of the antique shrine;
From the dim land of visions thou refrainest,
Lest in our dream that realm look less divine.

To make us dream, thou 'lt stay:
Around thy marbles fluted,
Frail passions of a day
In crimson roses run.
A clue art thou to harmonies unluted —
Pledge of the past to many a Junetime sun.

Rose, rose, my heart like thee
Sends bloom sweet-leaved and solemn
Up round white Memory,
Sole remnant of the past:
But with thy stain the plinth is red; thy column
Knows not, though fair, the sweeter blooms that last!

THE TRAGIC WINDS

I LAY in a rich chamber candle-dim
And nightlong dreamt awake. The ancient winds
Like remote music made a dusk of sound:

Viols throbbing out some earth-impassioned hymn
From halls of kingly revels and bright sins —
Far voices as of love-mad women, crowned,

Star-gemmed Despairs, the queens of legend lands,
Seated within the gateways of their towers,
Eyes full of smiles forgotten, unfelt tears

Uncounted falling in their idle hands
Which whitely drooped upon their laps like flowers.
Anteia's sisters, these, and Phædra's feres.

Methought their murmurs gathered in the night,
And all these wretched queens of ancient care
Joined faintly their involuntary moan,

Till pale Aurora passioned toward the light,
Slight Cynthia fled adown her brightening stair,
And day brought other worlds to rule my own.

LATE POEMS

[This final division includes the poems not published in the foregoing collections and, in the main, written later. In a few cases verse has been included which was composed at earlier periods but for some reason was not given book publication, although some of the pieces were printed in current periodicals.]

TANKA

(FOR L. A. L.)

All the trees are bare
Between my sky and window;
Grey spreadeth the dome,
Black are the crooked branches —
But among them flash blue-jays!

Slowly the sun droops,
But far above other hills,
August, serene, still,
The white Moon doth remember
All the weary day forgot!

THE TRANSPARENCY

(To JOHN S. BRADSTREET, here called the Man of Magic, in response to his gift of a Japanese Transparency)

THANKS, O Magic-Man, to you,
Suddenly my skies are blue,
And again the garden heaves
Blossoms and the buds of leaves
Up and down my avenue.

Oh, not northern is such bliss
At the Springtime's ardent kiss!
'T is an orient earth to blush
When the god-lips smile and crush
Color in her cheek like this!

Yeddo cherry bloom, you say.
Hung within my window, grey
With the frost and frowning sky,
It shall winter there, and I
Oft shall wander thereaway.

Little lessons all the hours
Read I in those cherry bowers;
Would that I might always, too,
Keep a sunny heart and true,
Man of Magic, Man of Flowers!

I should like when Northwinds war
(Many kinds of Northwinds are!)
Where the windows frostiest freeze
To dispense *transparencies*
All of Islands fair and far.

These should always teach of Spring
And the joy of blossoming,
And would tell the people how
To have always lips and brow
Fresh with hope as mine are now.

Thou good Magic-Man, how art
Thou for comfort in the heart?
Need'st thou any word of friend,
Any message love may send —
Any thought such word might start?

Real need shall not befall
Thy most gentle soul at all;
But we all half-needs confess
Of remembrance, of caress,
Some friend-token howe'er small.

Thus, upon life's window, see
Frost and heavy sky, maybe;
But look up and lo! thy line
Like the Yeddo trees will shine
With friendship's bright *transparency*.

SPRING LONGING

(FROM THE YIDDISH OF SAMUEL RUBIN)

In the Spring, that sweet season of birth
When Nature puts Winter to flight,
When day sits enthroned, and all earth
Is awake from the dreams of the night;

When the wood is new-clad in its green,
And the fields curl black 'neath the plows,
When bees stir abroad, and a keen
Scented breath my dull heart doth arouse;

When the rill its soft murmur resumes,
When the birds are at work at their nests,
And the sun bursts anew through his glooms,
And with joy greets his garrulous guests:

When forth in the street to their play
The children of poverty throng,
And are bathed in the sun's warming ray
Who have herded like sheep for so long:

When light through the scant window-pane
Where it long has been feeble, now shines,
Making magical wonders again
In the dust-motes with visible lines;

Then my poor captive bird in his cage,
  Sick at heart through the Winter's dull hour,
Once more felt his song's heritage,
  And his throat swelled again in its power.

A moment to silence he turned —
  Like the hush of an evening in May —
Then, more fervently yet as he yearned,
  He broke forth again with his lay.

In that music so sweet which I heard
  It seemed he was weeping alone,
And each note in the voice of my bird
  Must have touched the cold heart of a stone.

And thus, as he sat there so still
  And flooded my chamber with sound,
His melody seemed to upfill
  With a meaning my sympathy found:

With my thrilling
Forests filling,
  I would greet the May —
Free from capture,
Ease my rapture
  'Mid the branches gay.

' Would be ringing
With my singing
  In the woodland fair,
Till a flying
Voice replying,
  Bid me welcome there.

Trouble scorning,
Every morning
  Would I hunt my bread —
Oh, I languish
Here in anguish
  From thy bounty fed !

I, a creature
True to Nature,
  Not enslaved like thee,
All my feeling
Full revealing,
  Would be wild and free !

Over meadow,
In wood-shadow,
  Through the air so clean,
Where perfuming
Flowers blooming
  Brighten all the scene —

Thither, thither,
Lest I wither
  Here in lonely woe,
Toward my thronging
Fellows longing,
  Let, oh, let me go!

MORNING

IN THE SPRING

Earth, air, sea
Await with gifts for me;
Spirits in air
New songs for me prepare;
The sun-drenched earth,
The foam-fringe of the sea,
Each airy star's gold girth,
Each wave's monotony —
These, these, burst through with song
The wintry heart of me!
Now morning: The deep crystal dawn turns pale
Toward divine ravings of some nightingale
Where flushed waves wring their hovering hands
Along Hesperidean sands —
Where soon this winter-weary frame I 'll fling
And, glowing, sing!
Too long I heard, before the early light,
Waves lashing on their armor in the night —
Crashing of oceans, spear on shield!
Now, a sweet field,
Pallid as cool, damp, shadowy lands
Where rest the wise, brave bands

Of them whose wars are o'er;
The tint of asphodel
Just lit that early shore
Where to the spray it fell,
And the white spray
Grew redder as the day
Rose to the rhythm of time.

AT RED LODGE, WHITE BEAR LAKE

(JUNE AND JULY, 1904)

Lilacs like purple clouds are caught away
From the dawn-green bushes of Spring,
The onrush of days like a wind on a morning of May,
Wafteth the pageant of blossom with mighty wing —

Driveth the lilacs and almonds like sunrise clouds,
And the blow of the white of the year
In all the syringas and locusts full-tided upcrowds,
Universe-impulse of rhythm made sweet and near!

In June when a heart goes mad with beauty's pain,
And swells to an ache with love,
When the passion of heaven pours over frail earth again,
She lifting her bosom, athrob, to the breast above —

Then go I down from the cities, green though they be
With their gardens and hedges high —
Down to the deep-delled coast of a little sea,
Over the pastures and rivers wing-sandalled fly!

Pasture, and river, and upland, speed me there;
Yarrow, and iris, and phlox,
Marsh-pinks, and daisies, and all the meek namelessly-fair
Lure till mine eyes meet a harbor a high shore locks:

There, set away in a hollow and dreamlike place,
The statelier precinct of trees,
Red Lodge, deep-bosomed, attendeth, abode of grace,
That leaf-hung, lavendered, vision-filled house of ease!

There all the day goes Music on silver wings;
And at night 'neath the leaves' niello,
Words of the Western Isles and Red Branch Kings
Thrill like the strings of an old harp sad and mellow!

ÎLE DES CYGNES

(FOR M. T. L.)

Not that for death thou'lt sing, fair silent Swan,
Should the tale be! Nay, as I watch thee here
Gliding between two summer heavens upon
The unrippled edges of these waters clear —

So perfect-poiséd, passionless, and calm —
Methinks that, when, at length in some warm night
Of starry mid-July, the drifting balm
Of these lake-dimming lindens, and delight

Melodious of a lover's mandolin,
Meet on this faery coast — then voiceless days
In matchless song thou 'lt break, and all within
Thy placid breast will melt in rapturous praise! —

What though the unknown, long-slumbering song in thee
Roused instantly to power, a burning stream,
Shatter thy crystal life with ecstasy,
And end thy dreaming with its prelude dream!

O Swan, if thou toward this untranquil end,
Hourly from mute, indefinite hope dost grow,
I tell thee I, who am thy songless friend,
Mourn not thy doom, but smile to think it so!

'NEATH A MISTLETOE BOUGH

In a country of moonshine and shadow
Dwelt a maid 'neath a mistletoe bough,
And her hair went in folds
Of rich auburns and golds,
Like a sunset wound over her brow.

Each night, as she tripped through the valley,
The moon on the tip of the fir
Wove itself a pale shroud
Out of shimmering cloud,
And left all the shining to her.

The daisies, all folded for slumber,
Put back their white fingers to see,
And the lilies looked round
As the low, silken sound
Of her garments crept over the lea.

Oh, the dusk might forget to bring starlight,
The valley might cheat me of flowers;
But the light and the bloom
Of her face would illume
And make lovely the darkest of hours!

ERRATO IN THE VALLEY

Melodiously fluting down here in the valleys
Goes sweetly and fleetly
Thy song of the year;
There 's a note for the mountain's
Clear, nymph-beloved chalice,
Though soft music dallies
As pleadingly here
Where mossy-brimmed fountains
Their violets rear.

Beside the brown village, where waters lie stillest,
Thou singest and bringest
The gods to my ken;
Thou light with thy laughter
The green hollows fillest,
And whereso thou willest
To wander again,
There must I flee after,
Forgotten of men!

Flee after! And ever I follow and hearken,
Now nearing, now fearing,
Thy mist-mantled form,
Which above in the highlands
But faintly I mark in

The forests that darken
With shadows enorm,
While thy song drops to silence,
My soul unto storm!

Thou Soul of the Singer, thou Heart of the Lover,
Though leading them bleeding
The wearisome race
To heights where they lose thee,
Where Failure doth hover
With darkness above her —
What chance of the chase
Can appall them that choose thee
And seek thy fair face?

Can it be that to labour in quiet returning,
The lowly but holy
Old toil of the plains,
They will find all thy beauty
To answer their yearning
And cool the long burning
That beats in their veins,
Till they know, only Duty
Thy vision retains?

THE LAST NYMPH

(WITH FLOWERS, AT PARTING)

The last nymph, ere the Old World's close,
Fleeing, lest her sweet friends forget,
Bequeathed her blushes to the rose,
Her eyes unto the violet.

It must have been a lovely girl,
So red of cheek, so blue of eye —
Look, how these rose-leaves flaming curl —
What tints within the violet lie!

No more beneath the mossy trees
Her laughter shakes the bramble-tips;
But, ah, for such bequests as these
Are smiles upon a million lips!

And was she sad to die away,
Child of the faded Golden Age,
And did her eyes have tears the day
The flowers had their heritage?

Sometimes I see a pallor on
The rose that should be red and fair;
And once I walked the woods at dawn
And found the violets weeping there.

Oh, nothing beautiful is had
  Of earth, however rich and strange,
But at its source is something sad
  That speaks of agonies of change.

And you and I, of such rare blue,
  And how the summer roses burn,
Until our parting scarcely knew,
  Nor ever should have paused to learn.

GARDEN THOUGHT

Out of its seed
  The white sweet-pea
Brings its scent
  Of heaven to me.

Out of the earth
  From crawling things,
A butterfly
  With golden wings!

Out of this clay
  A thought shall rise
And make new worlds
  To Love's wide eyes.

Hid fragrance shall
  Revealéd be,
And golden wings
  That wander free!

PERMANENCE

Does the rose at bud-time falter
  Remembering Junes gone by?
Shall love of the red rose alter
  Because it soon must die?

Nay, for the beauty lingers,
  Though the symbols pass away —
The rose that falls in my fingers,
  The June that will not stay.

I used to mourn their fleetness
  But years have taught me this:
A memory makes their sweetness,
  The hope of them their bliss.

They are not themselves the treasure.
  But they signal, they suggest
Imperishable pleasure,
  Inviolable rest.

AN ALLEGORY

The great Rose yielded to the Bee
  Who filched her sweets away;
The Beetle, more sincere than he,
  She bade a sharp good-day.

The Bee, though all she had he stole,
  Had manners so discreet!
The Beetle loved with all his soul —
  But rumpled with his feet!

The Bee went sauntering on again;
  The Beetle died of grief:
There 's no sweet in the Rose — but then,
  There 's not a rumpled leaf!

FEVERFEW

(FOR J. M. K.)

This swaying, slender, summer thing
  The hoiden wind dishevels
Where pinks and poppies are a-wing
  Along my garden-levels —

This is the homely feverfew
  I sowed in wild disorder,
A scattering handful heedless threw
  To whiten bed and border.

For she 's a magical white flower:
  Pressed close between your fingers,
She gives you back an old, lost hour
  Where fadeless beauty lingers.

. . . . . .

Dear child of me! How long have you
  In this still heart been lying,
Who loved the fragrant feverfew,
  And never thought of dying!

TO THE FLOWERING BEAN

Some faded and forgotten queen
  Of antique Britain or Bretagne,
Her form clung to by folds of green
  And pale-red petals strewed thereon —

Some sweeting of Guinévera's house,
  Or lip-red Iseult's, young and warm —
You rend the mould, and straight arouse
  The honeyed suitors of the swarm:

New Tristrams, gold- and sable-clad,
  Their momentary longings moan,
Drain coral cups in pledges glad —
  And leave you trembling, and alone.

AUTUMN FRIENDS

The cosmos on my table,
Pale lavender and white,
Blooms like a shining fable
Told in a cloudy night.
Stray children of lost summers,
Sweet blossoms of the fall,
I thank you, tardy comers,
Dreamers all!

You fetch me dreams of beauty
To light the sober hours;
You whisper of the duty
Of being like to flowers,
Of rooting well and growing
Wherever life has said, —
Of blossoming and glowing
'Mid the dead.

E'en though all round the garden
There creep the blight of frost,
And warm hearts seem to harden,
And faiths of June be lost,
Your mission is in swelling
Hope's trust in beauty's ends,
However late, compelling
Autumn friends!

MARIGOLD

(TO A. J. R.)

I LOVE your blighted garden bare
With borders Autumn-cold,
For, midmost of it, blossoms there
The burning marigold.

Friend, when October dulls your fire,
And flowers of hope lie dead,
May memories rich in gold attire
Stay round your heart instead.

POSTLUDE

Over October's fields what Spirit broods
With umber in her thoughts? The yarrow's rust,
The clover's and the vervain's cindered wealth,
The tattered turbans of the bergamot,
Sway languidly beneath her heavy word.

Whate'er she be, sombre, invisible,
Her might has spared one sweet, persistent thing
For me: Unwearied, faithful as of old,
Rich-winged vanessa yearns from lip to lip,
Kissing each desperate friend as if yet June
Made all a promise and a mystery!

LORD OF THE DEEPER NIGHT

Lord of the deeper night, thou lovelier sun!
Whether, in Summer's hour of languid sense
Intently near thou droopest down to earth
Above the beryl inland sea; or, late,
Slow through the nebulous Autumn thy new hope
Lone ventureth up the vague and starless eve;
Or, supreme presence over snows austere,
Thou makest of our world another moon:
Thou in thy silence and untoiling dream
Dost train the tidal reveries of men.

Mysterious consolation! Many worlds
Teem to the solar warmth, and bear, and thrive
With painful growths immense, innumerable;
But through the burthens of that broadcast day
Only our planet learns to wait for thee
And the cool moment of thy fireless flame.

Ours hast thou been — ours whom swift-belting time
Pursueth through vicissitude, defeat,
And fading conquest — since Earth's earliest night:
Steadfast in silence that endureth all,
Changelessly changeful, like our human hope,
Meteor serene beneath whom David sang
In Hereth-wood, remembering Bethlehem!

PILGRIM'S RIGHT

(TRINITY CHURCHYARD, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

Under the churchyard elms we sit
And see the filtering sunlight flit
Through leaf-cool spaces to and fro
Where the soft, darkling waters go.

Light swallows their swift shadows try
To lure from out a nether sky,
As dip our thoughts to deeper streams,
Fain to woo forth old dreams of dreams.

Sweetly bestowed, those slumbering here
Cool Avon's tranquil bosom near,
Where the slow, soft-plumed breezes be
Within the trees of Trinity.

Meets not this haven their fondest prayer
Who, dying, prayed for peace? They share
The world's hush, and the fragrant fame
Blown round the world on wings of flame!

(And if some once wild heart be laid
Beneath this all-subduing shade,
Why, now, as fair the daisy blows
Above his rest as over those.)

This bankside's yielding lip I press
And all my hidden heart confess —
My passion, purity or stain,
I pour back to the sod again,

Claiming, from all my day-and-night,
Mine, mine, the footsore pilgrim's right,
One moment on their quiet bed,
Rested and reconciled and dead!

MINSTRELS IN BLOOMSBURY

To Covent Garden people stream
  To drink the music there;
Upon the curb we stay to dream
  With melody more rare:
Sing on, enchanted minstrel-girl,
  Thou artless, young, and fair!

The 'buses in Southampton Row,
  The jingling hansoms here,
Bear London, heedless, to and fro
  In search of evening cheer:
For us thou art enough, dear voice,
  Forgetful-sweet and clear!

Our daylong toil but goes to win
  Another toilsome day;
Play on, oblivious violin!
  Soft harp, beseech thee, play!
And thou, pale girl with eyes aflame,
  Sing on for us who stay!

LONDON, May, 1907.

ON THE OUMIROFFS SINGING NATIONAL BOHEMIAN AIRS

(TO THE COUNTESS LÜTZOW)

Wild music blows aflame mine alien mood
With fires unroused before: For what high fate
What grandsire of my body galloped late,
Red-spurred adown flint-flashing pavements, strewed
Hot battle-tidings 'mid the multitude,
And drove the invader from his city's Gate? —
Or broke steel, bristling lines, sudden and straight,
By victory-singing bugles close pursued?
Bohemia, Bohemia, thy song
Stirs the ancestral grandeurs! Who shall say
Thine are not conquests of a loftier kind?
Forever sad and fair, dim realms along,
The borders of men's motives thou shalt sway,
And reign with beauty in many a noble mind!

London, June, 1907.

THE TWO NIGHTINGALES

(OF THE BOY BROWNING, MAY, 1826)

'T was in an English garden I heard tell
How, in the odorous early Spring one day,
Book-laden, the boy's mother bore away
Homeward from town to him the potent spell
Of Shelley's airy verses; how it fell,
By chance, with them fair other poems lay —
Those of one Keats; how thus the marvellous May
Broke on the dreaming boy of Camberwell
With new ecstatic music; and, that night,
As down his father's garden the lad strolled
Where fresh laburnums rained their pallid gold
Beneath the moon, how, sharing his delight,
Like spirits from out far, ringing Doric dales,
There sang to him two trancéd nightingales!

London, May, 1907.

FANTAISIE ET RÉVEIL

The arclight silvered every leaf
Above the fountained linden-square,
Enmarbling, for an hour too brief,
Stone flag and ivied stair
Down to the jetted pool that poured its crystals high in air.

From boughs above a trembling shade
Fell round us on the old-time seat;
Upon your hands it paused and played,
It fluttered round your feet;
Crowning your bended head, its light caressing fingers beat.

There was no sound save water stirred,
And whispers of the tongues of trees,
Unless it was our hearts we heard
Throbbing mute melodies
That rose unto our lips — yet not as song were shaped of these.

Somewhere the deep, mysterious dusk
Treasured a newly opening rose;

The faint, allusive, clinging musk
That out of Eden blows
Flowed round us as a fragrant dream round weary lovers flows.

. . . . . .

To-day I steal back — all alone;
The sun is on the dusty square;
An ancient, withered market-crone
Rests her huge burden there
Where, on the wall, a wilted rose droops in the languid air.

Shuddering, I turn to fly — yet still
I linger; for, beside the pool
A lovely child leans down to fill
His hands with water cool;
He smiles with an unearthly smile, and passes on to school.

ON THE LOWER RHINE

(DÜSSELDORF, HEINE'S BIRTHPLACE)

By Düsseldorf the singing Rhine-stream bends,
  Age-wonted from his earlier lyric tone:
  A mastersinger somewhat pensive grown,
In more of epic stateliness he wends
Where Youth, in memory only, still attends
  With foregone passions, raptures long-since flown;
  So sweeps he down from minster-crowned Cologne,
And to the silent, level sea descends.
Not such, O Heine, thy mad stream of song!
  Though now beyond our fitful ocean's hem
    The eternal tide of beauty harbor thee,
Thou fleddest the broken crags of life along,
  Beating white flowers of foam out over them,
    And passionately soughtest thy mother-sea!

November, 1907.

IN HILDESHEIM

In Hildesheim, old Hildesheim,
The towers have made a truce with time,
And ancient gables somehow seem
Deep in a mediaeval dream
From which no sound, or shrill or sweet,
May rouse them in the stirring street;
The fountain in the market-square
Still pours its treble music there,
As when the Templars trod those ways
In singing and in fighting days;
And all is like an antique rhyme
In Hildesheim, quaint Hildesheim!

IM FRIEDHOFE ZU WEIMAR, OKTOBER

Tall poplars down this long autumnal nave
Their yellow leaves in golden rain release;
Red vine-leaves deck a little English grave
Here in this far and foreign court-of-peace.

The year grows old, and I have strayed, indeed,
And yet is not the day for my return;
Faces and tongues are strange; and strange the screed
Traced here on many a marble cross and urn,

Save where I pause in Sabbath evening-light
Before these English lines. And, while I stay,
Up from a grass-hid nest blue wings take flight
And swift into the red West cleave their way.

THE CASTLES OF THE WINDOWS

(Castle Friedenstein, at Gotha, is lighted by three hundred and sixty-five windows, one for each day in the year)

At Gotha stands a castle fair, replete with treasure store,
Beneath whose crystal casements there lies thousand-fold the more,
For morning-white and evening-red and clear lamps of the night
Over a hundred valleys shed their beauty-searching light.

Cut through the tall and massive wall, three hundred three-score-five,
These crystal casements bower and hall with sunshine make alive;
And when the pleasant day is done, out through the quiet dark
They send their own lights every one to some remembered mark.

I know a loftier castle still; above yet fairer land
Its towers out-top the highest hill, and widest plains command;

'Twas built in some forgotten time by one both good
and wise,
And all who live the stair may climb beneath the
open skies.

Of casement windows, strange to tell, these castle
towers have just
Three hundred sixty-five, as well, to keep from stain
and dust;
And when I've looked from every one and seen all I
can see,
From each a little light shall run, and make a
memory!

AUF DEM REUNSTIEG

Around me rise the stately firs
Above the mossgrown way;
My step, the only sound that stirs
In all this dubious day,
Deep treads the ancient solitudes
Where, once, to trumpet-sound,
Across the wild Thuringian woods
Princely processions wound.

FOR THE HUNGARIANS OF THE JENA VACATION SCHOOL

Not on the Heights to remain, toil we to the crests of the mountains,
We who are restless, who strive, who find not our joys in the vale:
Only an hour on the peak after the day in the low-land;
Then to our separate doors, together we make the descent.

Visionless there to abide! Deaf to the hearts in our fellows,
We in the cities may labour each at his spindle or loom;
But when, on the road winding up, our feet find the path steep and narrow,
Question, and doubt of the effort, desire of the hills, make us one.

The summit attained, but look down! How noble in manifold colour,
How ordered, proportioned, complete, we behold the deep valley to be:

Street after street of the town, meadows and fields up the hillsides,
Plain to the vision unfold, maplike, the puzzle of life!

There for an hour in the dusk, drawn into fellowship golden,
With food, speech, and song we refresh the spirit and body anew;
Till, in the homes far below, the night-lamps glimmer and beckon,
And to our separate doors, together we make the descent.

Here in the town once again the round of our divers ambitions
Resuming, each mind closing in on its own, go we our own ways;
Yet, deep and abiding and calm, is there not in each soul the surrender
To what from the hilltop he saw, to what on the crest he conceived? —

Unity, purpose, and plan out of a life which our nearness
Makes us to doubt; brother-souls the city forbids us to learn;

Faith in the glory of living; the ultimate pure aspiration;
Virtue which, innate and quenchless, glows in mankind — all of these!

Time and the tangible flee. Memory hath her still music,
Vibrating deathlessly on in the great longing heart of mankind:
So, if to breathe but one strain of the harmonies heard on the hilltops
Hint to his fellows of these, the Singer, content, will pass on!

SOUVENANCE DE LIÈGE

(NOVEMBER)

Grey city by the silver Meuse, I fling
One precious day to thee of my brief days;
Take it, and give remembrance: Mellow praise
Of chimes across a moonlit evening,
Rain of light echoes; the full, wavy swing
Of burdened barges down thy waterways,
Noise nearest music; the blue, holy haze
And perfume of old altars; wing on wing
Of iridescent doves descending soft
Within a Gothic gate where one strews bread
For alms to the air's beggars; beyond her,
Arcades recessive, pinnacles aloft,
November's vista deepening to one blur
Of blue-and-grey behind her upturned head.

A FOOT IN FINISTÈRE

(TO ARTHUR-ÉLIE TOURTIER)

All the way to Trémazan,
  Weather foul and weather fair,
Through the wheat by Tréompan,
Past the cross at Bar-Alann,
  Shores and farms of Finistère.

Down the winding roads we go,
  Comrades through the changeful day;
Early dawn to evening-glow
Not a gift the skies bestow
  But is ours along the way:

Cuckoos calling in the field,
  Poppies flaming in the wheat,
Odors moistened meadows yield,
Bright sea-glimpses far revealed,
  And the distant surge's beat;

Night where'er the highway led —
  Town, or *débit* by the sands —
Food before us freely spread,
Then our tapers and to bed
  Dreaming of the morrow-lands:

Winding roads and broom-lit walls,
White-capped maidens, stony stiles,
Click of *sabots*, children's calls,
Belfries whence clear music falls
Over green-and-golden miles!

Brief the time; but one more stave
We must chant beneath the sky;
Once more down the gloaming *grève*
Sleep shall tread the sleepless wave
To our beds — and then, Good-bye,

Ploudalmézeau, sweet Lampaul,
Far Tréz-Hir! Without a care
We have won your pilgrim's dole,
Song and dream and peace of soul
'Mid the fields of Finistère!

OLD ST. PAUL'S

Park Row and Broadway — rush and din,
  Turmoil of men in their strong, brief years,
Conquest, honour, failure and sin! —
  Rest for a moment the eyes and ears;
Step through this gate for a while with me
Where struggles pause, and thought is free.

Look at the words on this little stone
  Under the trees of old St. Paul's.
Ninety summers have flowered and flown,
  Round these ivied Georgian walls,
Since they cut in the headstone grey
The name of "Antipass Hathaway."

Only fourteen! Boy-gladness, his,
  Touched — would you say? — by the lips of joy
Into eternal youthfulness —
  Spirit abiding forever boy!
"March 29th," — so they brought him here
In the very bud of the swelling year.

Across the walk, quaint-carven French,
  Line after line in martial row,
Hinting at bivouac, storm, and trench
  Under the Comte de Rochambeau:

Valiant, indeed, from far Champagne
Adventured the "Sieur de Rochefontaine."

Follow me over this stretch of sod;
Mark the shaft with its moral urn;
There, where the red rose-bushes bud,
A few spent petals, you notice, burn
Against the letters chiselled plain:
"Of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

And a name now vague to you and me,
An actor renowned in his day, forsooth;
See how they loved his memory:
"Repaired by" . . . "Sothern," "Kean," and
"Booth,"
"And by The Players." — Such fame 's enough!
"Dreams" made his life: We are all "such stuff!"

Oh, but the schoolboy rolling hoops
Over the grasses of Bowling Green,
And the brave young captain with his troops
Charging into the battle-scene,
And the actor accomplished, praised by all —
Who gathered them here 'neath the churchyard
wall?

PASSING OSSIPEE IN WINTER

The lakelet lay winding, a mirror of ice,
The snows were on Ossipee's head,
As the northernbound train, with its pauses concise,
Through the clear Winter picture-land sped.

December! New England! The wind and the snow!
Keen blade and white sheath on the hill!
Yet the sun 's full of gold, and the meadows, I know,
Preserve their warm hearts in them still.

Ancestral recallings — the frost and the sun —
The clear, lancing wind — the pure sky —
Made lines of loved song through old memory run,
And "Whittier, thou!" murmured I.

EVENING AT LEXINGTON

Quietly under the elms
The village green reposes;
Soundless the afternoon
Deepens among the boughs
And over the ancient homes,
White-fronted, stained with roses,
Whose windows burn like dreams
Under their thoughtful brows.

Yonder the Concord Road,
Now in the rain-wet glistening,
Draws the receding light
Into the westward skies;
The Minute Man in bronze,
Face to the darkness, listening,
Welcomes the droop of night
With steady, unsleeping eyes.

Shadow and nightfall hush —
Yet loud in the heart go voices,
Loud on the road of thought,
Heroic, the tread of feet;

Up from the soil they won
  The dust of our sires rejoices,
Bounds in the broad land's pulse
  The fever that in them beat.

Louder than city's roar
  Where Broadway's thousands thunder,
More eager than all the ships
  That leap to the Golden Bay —
For theirs is the blood that stirs
  To deeds that make gods wonder,
And theirs is the tread we hear
  From Manhattan to Monterey!

SPY POND FROM THE STUDY

(TO MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE)

SERENE above the glassy Pond
Here hangs your teeming study,
Whence troop beneath that vigorous wand
Loved forms robust and ruddy.

Behold, as from the adept's sphere
Remote scenes rise, beguiling,
I see within your crystal here
A world that loves you, smiling!

SPRING IN CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

(FOR O. O.)

Foam-white the billows of this tide of May,
Plum-boughs that flood an old brick wall with flower;
The golden branched forsythia lifts a bower
Of glowing bloom where lawn-slopes upward stray;
Fleet fragrances remember their old way
Round the green Yard; high over eave and tower
Broods the great presence of creative power,
Enmisted pearl, far-softening the deep day.

Thus far from you home-blest, my ways have led,
O Friend. Leaped valleys, vainly lifted hills,
Obscure not: Where the continent's grey sills
Stretch seaward starry welcomes, there I tread
Cities wave-girdled, alien — there my head
All gladly lay however the night wills,
Resting or where the sea my senses fills,
Or under antique roofs sage-tenanted.

Wherever the way led wild Spring's caress
Roused in me fragrant thoughts of home and you:
Ever the marvelling man's-joy we indrew
Along our last year's walks came back to bless —

Left me a dream to exult in, power to press
  Far the alluring vistaed future through;
  Regret of absence scarce my spirit knew
Even here in Harvard's supreme loveliness.

Dim odorous nights of Spring this friendship turns
  Inward his form to my enfolding mind;
  Unto remembered words with heart inclined,
Silent, I ponder till my soul discerns
New flames of life, and all my being yearns
  That you, upon your couch of sleep, in kind
  May cherish thought of me, even so refined
Through that bold fire wherewith our altar burns!

BRYN MAWR, MINNESOTA

(FOR J. C. U.)

The vivid Cambrian name whose sense
For us is woodland eloquence —
I cannot tell, nor do I long
To learn in human speech or song
What such a sound of light and air
May mean to others otherwhere:
Translated by the bee that drinks
The tinctures of the clovery links,
Or by the wind in the sombre wood,
To us it is a name right good.
Perhaps, I know not, it should be
Salt to the lips that love the sea —
Should come to the adventurous mind
With taste of wild years left behind;
Or, to his eyes who hath beheld
At dawn north-sailing, rocks of eld
Where high Llandudno gleams and pales,
'T will mean the milky mists of Wales.
It may have been a name to call
When minstrels circled Merlin's hall
And poignant song, in silver shod,
Round the eisteddfod circles trod;

Or was it country wild-eyed Brechfa told
Strange tales of to his answering harp of gold?

To us 't is all of this. For then
Was talk of ancient lands and men,
While mowers all the afternoon
Plied round us 'neath the sickle moon:
Low whispers made their labour blithe
Of grasses falling to the scythe —
This not unlike the sound of seas
That wash the coasts of memories.
And there are mists that dim the town
At day's end, from our upland's crown,
Till all its towers and troubles are
Remembered only from afar.
And friends have gathered with us there
In the warm June's hay-scented air,
And sung and talked till twilight-close bestowed
Kind Hesper's lantern o'er the homeward road.

Oh, we have seen the clouds burn west,
Isles where rewarded spirits rest
And weave earth-charms that soothe and still
Who climbs the altar of the hill:
There we have climbed, and sent our sighs
With those far mists of sacrifice,
And let the sorrows of the day
Dissolve, unuttered, in the grey:

There the dark path we sought among
Woods where the poison-elder hung
Dusk red, and Druid oaks brushed down;
Where sounds and fragrances unknown,
Pungent and forest-gentle, creep
Into the expectant soul like sleep . . . . .
All this we shared together: can earth be
Henceforth unlovely, dear, to you or me?

"UP THE MINNESOTA"

Up the Minnesota through the mellow June,
Sky beneath our paddles tessellated blue;
Cottonwoods were moulting, meadow-larks in tune—
Up the green-roofed river shot our shell canoe.

I was stroking forward, you were stroking stern,
Under oaks and maples like a bird we flew;
Kingfishers, canaries, even cranes might learn
Points on steady steering, watching that canoe.

Overhead the blackbird flashed a crimson feather;
Down the marshy clearing "Indian paint-brush" grew;
Iris, gold and azure, half a mile together;—
Colors veered and vanished past our fleet canoe.

Afternoon forgot us for the yesterdays;
Then with slowing measure up to shore we drew;
Long we sat in silence by our dead-wood blaze,
Heard the drowsy river calling our canoe.

Fumes of fragrant coffee, pungent smoke of wood,
Blankets spread for slumber 'neath the tipped canoe;—
Oh, the golden Summer! Sweet it was and good
Up the Minnesota camping out with you!

AMONG THE PINES

(LAKE BEMIDJI, AUGUST 13, 1908)

The earnest pines are of the sober North.
Cold twilights find them sombre as themselves,
And the gold sun that down the red West delves
Like broken-lancéd knights doth set them forth.

There is among them only Autumn cheer,
A mournful sweetness — yet they do not change,
And their laced limbs are never bare and strange
Under the swift reprisals of the year.

If constancy brings melancholy joy,
This then is why these forests reach my heart
With their deep changeless tones, why tears do start
To-night when I behold their brave deploy.

Their constancy brings feelings linked to those
The soul brought here, and keeps beyond life's close.

TO O BRAD SAN, NEW YEAR'S, 1908

(ON THE BACK OF A JAPANESE PRINT)

Laden with treasure, to and fro
'Twixt Kyoto and Tokyo
The ghost of old gift-bearers go.

Stately their antique cavalcade
Of sworded daimios arrayed
In kimonos of soft brocade.

Each with his boys and bearers by,
And doubly-bladed samurai
Of courteous mien yet watchful eye.

Still, as in other days, they seem
Along Tokaido-path to stream
With gifts to match a Shogun's dream;

For Hiroshige hands us down
In his rich green and blue and brown
These trooping lords 'twixt town and town.

And so thought I near New Year's Day,
Gazing upon their grand array
In an old print blown here astray:

"Those who within their heart of hearts
Treasure the Orient and her arts,
To whom the lover's rapture starts

"Before these perfect colour-prints —
To them this old procession hints,
In all its varied lines and tints,

"Of the procession through our lives
(Where much begins and naught arrives!)
Of gifts for which the fancy strives,

"But which, despite our toil and strain,
Our fairy-gold's elusive gain,
In fancy ruthlessly remain!

". . . . Yet all too often underprized,
Are dreams that rest unrealized.

"Dreams, visions, pictures, ye are true!
Life's best is parcelled up of you,
Processionals green and gold and blue!

"Each day that swells the waxing year
Rich in old fabrics windeth near,
Gift-bringer, like the daimio here;

"And each is guarded closely by
A doubly-bladed samurai,
Hope and *Remembrance* on his thigh;

"And each hath his attendant boys
Whom, diligent, their lord employs
To bear us burdens of new joys!"

A JAPANESE PRINT OF PÆONIES

(TO J. S. B., AT EASTER)

At Easter, with the daffodils
  And lilies white from God,
And the rich bursting rose that fills
  The soul's dim choir with laud,
  For me are subtler scents abroad
At Easter, with the daffodils.

From peaceful gardens of Nippon
  Mayhap 't was Koriusai
These silken-bannered blossoms won
  To tints that shall not die —
  Or Harunabu's loving eye
In antique gardens of Nippon.

Or some unpraised and nameless hand
  Whose art all careless gave,
Nor asked of earth's too-fluctuant band
  His name with words to save;
  For love, which knows nor fame nor grave,
Wrought that unpraised and nameless hand.

In green of dawn, and blue of lake,
  And forest-sunset red,

The chary colours calmly take
  Each leaf and blossom-head.
  What skill had he, the long, long dead,
In twilight green and blue of lake!

These are the pæonies that blow
  Where pathside Buddha waits,
And little wavering rivers go
  Past iris-hindered gates;
  Where silent wisdom meditates
These are the pæonies shall blow.

Be mine that spirit of repose
  Whom no earth-moment grieves,
But who with just complaisance knows
  The worth of what he leaves,
  And this, his only wage, receives —
Enough — the spirit of repose!

WITH A VASE

(TO L. A. L.)

Ancient Nippon a sombre guest
Sends to your quiet home for rest —
A quiet guest who is most fain
To know you, yet to entertain
Hath little skill, on some dim shelf
Craves only to withdraw himself,
And like an old brown man, retires
To solitude and small desires.

One wish he hath, and that to hold
Sometimes a flower of red or gold
And offer its contrasting bloom
From his dark corner in your room,
As when an old, scarred grandsire sage
Lets childhood shine against his age.

SANDALWOOD

Who has not had an uncle
  That once upon a day
Was captain of a trader
  'Twixt Boston and Cathay?

Small mandarins of ivory
  And many a carven whim
To lade our parlour what-nots,
  He smuggled home with him.

But in our fond affections
  That relative made good,
Chiefly, by contributions
  Of things in sandalwood.

Though lacquer bowls be scattered,
  Fans, boxes, gone to smash,
And what-nots loom encrusted
  With unromantic trash —

Deep in our grown-up bosoms
  The childish wonder starts,
When sandalwood aroma
  Comes knocking at our hearts!

LITTLE MARBLE ROMAN BOY

Little boy so far from home
In the sparkling streets of Rome,
I can understand, poor lad,
Why your face is sad!

Here the big museum round
One may scarcely hear a sound,
And the shades of Learning fall
Everywhere on all;

Many a marble nymph and god
Round you has a last abode,
Many a hero of old wars,
Kings or emperors.

But nowhere with look of joy
Is a single little boy
Brought like you so far from home
Out of shining Rome!

THE EXILE LAMP

(Brought me from a peasant's cottage in the Apennines)

No flame such as of old it bore
  Makes now its metal glad:
Shall any ever kindle more
  The light that once it had?

Not mine to draw the tongues of fire
  To those twin wicks of wool;
Thus may some less full heart aspire —
  Or head than mine more full!

I am forbidden; my bold hand
  Shrinks back at thought of this,
That ever flame in foreign land
  These Tuscan lips should kiss!

With other oil than its own height
  Doth yield, where windows shine
At peaceful dusk, where once its light
  Cheered up an Apennine —

With purest olive gathered up
  From any other hill,
His little wistful-lifted cup
  'T were sacrilege to fill. . . .

O Home! I, too, an exile seem,
And the warm flames of me
Gone out, save only in dim dream
Of the old hills and thee!

TO A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER AS A GIRL

Did ever a youth pass by the spot
  Your fragrance, love, made dear,
Without a heart-leap at the lot
  That drew his fancy near?

Was ever a maid of fairy stuff
  Like this in days of old —
A rose already fine enough
  Without that heart of gold!

A CORINTHIAN MIRROR

(IN THE DUCAL MUSEUM, GOTHA)

HEREIN, as in some old palimpsest-book,
The lines I read are not the lines I seek;
Faintly, beneath mine own too world-worn look,
Methinks yet smile the lips of some fair Greek —

Some clear-eyed young Corinthian of that seed
We term "the Ancients," and of whom spake he
Who wrote,[1] *That joyous folk was young, indeed:*
The Ancients of this wrinkled world — are we!

[1] "Nous sommes les anciens ; les anciens étaient plus jeunes!"

A RIME OF COMPANY

It 's poor wark tay-drinkin' when you have it all to yourself.

JANE BARLOW.

COME, good comrades, join me where
The Urn our spirits may repair;
Drink a cup to friends afar
To-night from my old samovar!
Not to-night? Ah, well, the storm
Does make one's own hearth more warm,
And I blame you not for this
Homely, sluggish, fireside bliss.

(So alone my course I took
Crosslots to my inglenook.
Cheer in light and fire I sought
To outweigh the winter thought.
There I brewed such cups of tea
As never so ambrosially
Fed a chamber's air upon
Soothing odors of Ceylon.)

Ha, good bookshelf! though the night
Hath such power old friends to fright,
I 'll have Company to tea
Such as thou canst offer me.

Though the wet wind at my pane
Wail a dirge, 't will be in vain! —
Come, ye unrheumatic crew,
We shall have a merry brew!
Long ago in weather bleak
Learnt I first your charms to seek,
Bent o'er many a mouldy page
Of Cervantes or Le Sage,
In a chair so big I felt
Somewhat like the kingly Celt
Who, they say, in times agone
Had a mountain for a throne.
— Of Le Sage? Ah, nights were those
Poring o'er that relished prose,
Nights were those of wine and honey,
Blithe Gil Blas of Santillane!

Elia, in thy gold and green,
None too often art thou seen
At my table friendliwise
With thy gentle, quizzing eyes.
Come! with Bridget too, dear soul!
You shall talk me sane and whole —
It 's a clean-hearthed room, and that 'll
Just be suiting Sarah Battle.
There, Vasari! don't you think
That I catch your friendly wink?

I daresay you 've tales in store
For this night and many more:
Botticelli's balanced stone,
Or how Biagio did atone
In a painted hell brought low
For criticising Angelo.

Who comes now? — And shall I ask
Omar with his rose-wreathed flask?
Or, more moral and less vinous,
Aphoristic Antoninus?
Six red volumes — scarce amiss,
Boswell-of-*Affleck* is this!
But ere I invite thee down
With thy gossip of the Town,
Thy Illustrious Friend with thee,
Talking thunder, guzzling tea,
I'll insure my samovar
Against lightning, hail and war.
(Nay, if he gets stormy I
Merely close the book and smile;
None, in life, could snub so well
The obstreperous Samuel!)

— Songs I hear of Rosaleen,
The winding Erne and sad Cathleen:
'T is the bards at Erin's gates,
Mangan, Allingham and Yeats.

— Addison? Yes, Sir Roger 's quite
A pleasant, overdue old Knight
Who shall tell me of the Play
And his Spring Garden Holiday.
Here 's society for him:
Cranford ladies, capped and prim,
Whom the aromatic steam
Must draw down to me 't would seem!

There 's Lavengro o'er the ingle;
From his forge in Mumper's Dingle
He shall taste the drink *I* brewed
In *my* firelight solitude.
And, above, immortal Cynic
From whose eyes a ray actinic
Dries, e'en as it falls, the briny
Teardrop, thou shalt sing, O Heine!
And thy neighbour, clad in red
With a gilt crown on his head?
Ah, De Quincey! He must come,
Drink, and muse on opium.

Sweet, sweet days beneath the dim
Worcester oaks I 've dwelt with him:
Up and down in Oxford Street
I 've saddened for his weary feet;
Mornings have I softly gone
In St. Cuthbert's holy lawn

Where, 't is marked, De Quincey stays
Through these shifting nights and days.

. . . . . .

Tea alone? — O good old Shelf
Not while thou 'rt thine ample self!
Not till some preposterous day
When thy tenants turn away
To some Second-hander hoary
Who keeps Twelvemo Purgatory!
And by then, all things that are,
Rose-in-vase and samovar,
Friendship, fire, and fragrant tea,
Shall have had their hour with me.

TO A BOOK BROUGHT NORTH OUT OF NEW ORLEANS

Old shivering Julian in his musty shop
Smiled when I asked for thee, thou little book!
Full many a mouldy volume high a-top
His bulging shelves in many a dingy nook,

Down the damp, unlit, purgatorial aisle,
Lay pending doom; yet when of thee, O friend,
I spoke the name, old Julian's gentle smile,
Prompt answering, did his worth as prompt commend.

He fetched thee to the light with courtly grace
(His rusted foils hung near!) as fitted thee,
And up to earth with unaverted face
I bore thee swift, a safe Eurydice.

Now, in snow-paven cities where I moan,
Faint for the wandering breath of jasmine-blows,
Thou makest me a fair South of mine own,
With crystal fountains lulling to repose!

THE BLESSINGS OF THIS WORLD

(From the French of Christoph Plantin. To J. M. K., P.K., and the Memory of our Visit to the Plantin House in Antwerp)

To have a house commodious, fit, and fair,
With an espalier'd garden scented through;
Good fruits and wines, small train, a child or two;
And to possess in peace one's true-love there;
To have nor debt, nor feud, nor love-affair;
With family lawsuits having naught to do;
Easy content, not courting the proud few;
Conforming all to some well-proven square;
Frankly to live, unvexed with vain desire;
Given, doubt-free, to real devotion's fire;
To rule one's passions, training them to heel;
To keep an open mind and judgment clear;
While at one's daily toil to pray with zeal;—
Thus biding calm at home, till Death appear.

AFTER READING AN OLD COMEDY

(FOR H. A. B.)

I CLOSE the book, thee in it, gentle mime,
  In undisturbed seclusion hid away
  'Twixt dulled morocco where shall none gainsay
Thine obvious humour of a simpler time.
So an old grandsire's chimney-corner rime,
  Secure in smiles of those who love him, may
  Never on cold, unkindred hearing play,
But live alway its crisp and mirthful prime.
There waits bold, pleasant wit, all undismayed,
  Unconscious of this devious age of ours,
    Forever alien to our sighs and tears;
And there the sweep of fair, antique brocade,
  The undying perfume of forgotten flowers,
    And laughter ringing faintly from old years.

A TOMB IN THE ABBEY

Meet is the praise of men to him addressed
Whose knightly rôle such manfulness expressed;
Yet critic pages clarify in vain
That which his life was given to explain,
And epitaphs our wonder scarce command
While round his name arts blossom and expand.

Not praise, nor comment sage, nor carven stone,
Shall greaten him as doth one who, alone,
With claim more strong than any claim of Art
Doth cherish Irving in the Abbey's heart:
Warm with her memories where cold Art enshrined,
Mutely *Love* guards the generous, brave, and kind!

PHÈDRE

(AFTER SEEING BERNHARDT)

"Où me cacher? Fuyons dans la nuit infernale.
Mais que dis-je? Mon père y tient l'urne fatale;
Le sort, dit-on, l'a mise en ses sévères mains;
Minos juge aux enfers tous les pâles humains."

I

Incorporate passion and dark tower of flame
Swayed by the torment of supreme despair!
What violence do those divine ones dare
To this lone-quivering, silent woman-shame,
Themselves secure, down gazing on her fame
From cruel, remote, serene Olympian air!
What purpose rules the gods? Sit they and stare
Like madmen, striking virtue down with blame?
Or are there splendid spirits of mankind
Wrought of a finer metal than will flow
To the rich mould of immortality
Without the blasting fire, the crucibles' glow,
The writhing of the alloys as they flee,
Leaving the true gold thrice on thrice refined?

II

Nay, not such thou, blind daughter of the Sun!
  Thou art pure flame, fire's deepest furnace-bloom,
  And wast create thine own soul to consume
Ere, cast from that ancestral burning one,
Thy woes on the chill earth were yet begun;
  For the deliberate Fates had spoke thy doom —
  Lo, ere the recess of that throbbing womb
Teemed with the brood of Minos, it was done!
Such is thy soul — a self-devouring star
  Whose embers in the dull Medean drink
Are quenched, and whom no shades at Minos' bar
Shall crowd around; nor ever dread of night,
  Nor wrath of gods, shall make thy spirit shrink:
Thou hast thy boon — thou art extinguished quite!

AFTER READING "AN ITALIAN GARDEN"

(FOR R——)

To him no more an inward hate
  Shall speak, nor aught but beauty sing,
Who walks within this Garden late
  And hears the fountain murmuring.

A vestige of some other day
  Once lived, but dim-remembered now,
Goes in the moon's familiar way
  Beneath the stately ilex-bough.

The parterre — I but half forget —
  The Tuscan melancholy night —
Too faintly I regain them, yet
  Too keenly to have lost them quite.

Was I the Other of some song
  That many a year hath left the lips
Of her who walks alone along
  The water where the Triton dips?

And she — how her *rispetti* claim
  The sad, bewildered heart of me
That ever almost saith her name,
  Yet loseth it continually!

Slow moving down the marble stair,
  Or leaned on sculptured balustrade,
Her face is shadowed by her hair,
  Her arms are buried in its shade.

Oh, would she lift that face, or free
  Those hidden hands, I know that soon
My faint, old faded Italy
  Again might blossom to the moon!

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

I HEARD the golden chiming of the spheres
  As harmonized within some crystal dream:
  A falling musical, as down their stream
Of old eternal tides the centuried years
Fled rhythmic; and as by enchantment hears
  The spell-charmed mystic all the rites supreme
  That turn the worlds, thus also did I seem
To find the chants of heaven in mine ears!

WITH RED ROSES, AT CHRISTMAS

(FOR E. McM.)

O YEARS, I charge you, be as a flower,
As a rose to the friends I love:
Red with life, and sweet with the power
That comes from the sun above!

Petals that perish one by one,
Falling away like these,
Are the red years ripening to the sun
In the yard of the centuries:

As they fall, as they fall, so may they fall
That tenderly, like to these,
They shall fade but to sweeten some soul withal
From the rose-bowl of memories!

THE MINSTREL

"Some old song!" his master cried; and so
'T was Love he carolled of.
"Some new song!" his lady sighed, and lo,
He sang to her of Love!

THE OLD PIANOFORTE

(IN A HOUSE NEAR SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA)

Brave 'forty-niner, whom of light
And uneventful modern hours
Each brings, allusive, recondite,
Some thrill of olden hopes and powers —

Dull rosewood, with your yellow keys
By yearning, toiling fingers worn,
You quiver yet with harmonies
Of seas that wash the wintry Horn;

And every idle, swinging door,
Each step unsoft that stirs the room,
Reminds you of a surf-loud shore
And sad chords of the breakers' boom.

Sometimes within your carven shell
Wistful the vibrant voices go,
And unremembered people dwell
Beyond your fretted portico.

What spirit of the adventurous years,
Having spent life for gold instead,
Claims here too late his long arrears
Of love and music forfeited?

The restless grandsire with you blown
  Around sea-beaten continents —
Finds he no voice where he has gone
  Like yours he answers to from thence?

THE SILVER FLUTE

(A CHRONICLE OF ANCIENT GREECE)

Hear the strange story of the silver flute:
Beside Ægean waters on an isle
Of what fair name my chronicle is mute,
  Save that 't was of the storied Cyclades —
Once in a long-past hour on Chronos' dial
There dwelt a youth in bondage of that lord
Whose grandsire had the isle for his reward
  In some old war when Persians swept the seas.

This youth was not an islander, but dwelt,
Before his lord had bound him, under skies
Where the white fanes of fair-limbed gods did melt
  Within the still-fleeced blue of Grecian air.
There had his lips, and there his ardent eyes,
Their lesson of all beauty spoke or writ,
And his impassioned heart had stored the wit
  Of artists, bards, and sages gathered there.

Sold out of Athens for a paltry debt!
Seeking a father's blemished name to clear,
He willingly his hand to letters set,
  Pledging a certain weary term of suns

His scholar-service; then with feignéd cheer
Clomb a tall galley of his master's fleet,
Turned southward, nor looked back to hillsides sweet
And the loved sands where green Ægina runs.

Then all the afternoon that galley sailed
To south and east by Attic promontories,
And many a gleaming, homeward prow was hailed,
Bound for Piraeus and familiar rest.
Well knew that exile youth all songs and stories
Yon fishers loved when night had fetched them home,
And often had he longed like them to roam —
Yet now his heart lay heavy in his breast.

Among the isles dim, purple evening came:
With sails reefed, cables coiled, and slackened oars,
The ship still glided 'neath its harbour flame.
Strange port that was, whose black unwelcoming wharves,
Heaped high with spicy spoils from Asian shores,
No hillside temple whitely overgleamed —
For Trade was there the only god esteemed,
With votives of huge bales and hideous corves.

Then in the youth an agony of dread,
Of utter, homesick longing searched his soul.
He cursed his honour — wished he had lain dead
Or e'er he bound his scholarship to be

Counter of gains to such a lord. He stole
Far sternward on the steady-moving ship,
Set a small flute unto his rounded lip,
And made a little Attic melody.

'T was a boy's song he oft enough had sung
In golden summers with Athenian lads
When, under leafy temple groves, they flung
Wave-weary limbs along that green of Pan
Wherewith her rock lone Psyttaleia clads;
Full many a faun-like circle had he trod
Round the rough statues of the woodland god
Ere swift care came and touched him into man.

As now that wavering air fell soothingwise
Deep in his painful dream of merry hours —
Air mystically fitting to these skies,
Though framed for fairer — his hot tide of blood
Ebbed back to calmness: so from Pan's thick bowers
Young bathers watch quick storms across the bay
Subsiding as they chant their joyous lay,
Ere they plunge homeward through the purple flood.

He felt the keel's grate and the prow's impact;
But still he stood alone aloft the stern
With flute to lip, and yearning eyes that tracked
The westward crimson of that fallen day:

Then, pausing 'mid the stir, he chanced to turn
And met the passionate gaze of one in whom
Music had called Hope, shining from her tomb,
And raised warm Memory in her trodden clay.

(What dryad, faun, or god in beechen dell —
Some say 't was Pan himself — did first discover
How 'neath a wooden wand's dissolving spell
Hope trembles into life, Despair turns Hope?
Or was it only some too-happy lover?
Or sad slave toiling on in Fate's despite?
For Grief and Joy, when both have reached their height,
Meet in the calm of Music's crowning slope.)

'Twas but one upward glance from reeking benches
Deep in the labouring hulk where main Despair
Pulled that proud galley through the ocean trenches;
An instant — it was gone: and nevermore
Beheld the youth again those eyes of care.
He stowed his flute, and through the lanterned dark,
With other cargoes bidden disembark,
He sought the untried shadows of the shore.

And now through month on month his fine brain tasks
O'er ledgers, bonds, and countless bills-of-lading —
From dawn to dusk, o'er corves and oily casks
That steam the warehouse dock with odours brute;

But often, when he sees fair courage fading,
In cool of night, or by the earliest dawn,
Ere the first step, or after all have gone,
He seeks the fiery spirit of his flute.

So, for dull years the price of youth he flung
To the dark keeping of regardless Time.
Sole thrift of all that wasteful barter, clung
Those golden moments of the night and morn
When crystal-limpid melodies would climb
Round the great heart of Silence from his lips;
Or when, of dusks, he boarded galley ships
Fresh from Piraeus with their wine and corn.

Just gods decree that naught of beauty fades,
Nor ever is lost in this deaf-seeming world;
And, if sweet sound no earthly ear persuades,
Unto its breath they do themselves bend low,
And in their heavenly memories keep it furled
For poets' dreams; or else they make sad hearts
Draw near, as if by chance, till Music starts,
As in that oarsman, Hope's diviner glow.

Oft on that oarsman mused the exile youth,
Still vivid in his thought the first surprise
Of that revealing face. Yet now the truth,
As long years laboured by, became more plain

And a new meaning looked from all men's eyes
With hints of old, deep-sunken loveliness,
And, under toil's coarse mask, the slow distress
Of godlike dreams crushed down and dumb in pain.

And oft, beneath tall pharos-fires he boarded
Some trader in the harbour, and would wend
Fluting among dank shrouds and cargoes sordid,
And deep into foul caverns of the hold,
Thinking alway perchance to touch that friend;
But never thus — though many another face
Through sooty glooms yearned up to such rare grace,
And many an ear drank in that music's gold.

It happened so one night he, wandering thus,
Through tender stops his Attic spirit sighed,
While the great summer's moon hung luminous
Like a clear cresset o'er the yarded sail.
Oarsmen and sailors, weary of the tide,
Lay moveless, listening; 'twixt the toiling morrows
Music and rest shut down upon their sorrows,
And through their limbs did kindly sleep prevail.

Then, like a very genius of dark earth,
Sudden, the island's lord before them rose —
Or like on vineyard hills the August dearth,
Or olive-blight when boughs droop heaviest.

Oh, cruel had he ever been, God knows,
Cruel to man and beast, and even cruel
To earth whose vintage, metal, oil, and fuel,
He wrung from her with miserly unrest!

"What fellow idles here with piping tune?"
His loud cry shattered down the moonlit hush.
"Hence to thy shed, knave! What, thou 'lt have me soon
Master of mock-men and slug-mountebanks!"
No more. — Some shrank as though beneath the crush
Of powers ancestral who proud Persian arms
Had beat to dust; some hid their base alarms;
While others, cursing, writhed upon their planks.

Over them all in dignity serene,
With flute to lip, the youth paused musefully.
Arion was not tranquiller of mien
What time the enchanted dolphin heard his lyre
And from those vile Sicilians on the sea
Swept him afar; nor yet more certain-souled
Amphion was, who built up Thebes of old
By music magical, and Orphean fire!

Selene, poising on her silver path,
Remembered Phoebus' fine Thessalian lute
That soothed his exile when their father's wrath
Doomed him to service of the Shepherd King;

And oh, Endymion with a herdboy's flute
Through the pale valley piping to his sheep,
Or in his listless Latmian cave asleep,
  Were not more fair than he of whom I sing!

Whether or no the dulcet goddess turned
Into the youth's warm heart some yearning thought,
His being with resistless music burned;
  Into his memory crept a country air,
Of an old minor love-song chiefly wrought,
But mingled with the laughter and the sighs
Of half-forgotten Attic lullabies:
  Sweet was its cadence out of all compare.

And this he played, until the maddened ear
Of one's own past would stop itself for woe;
Then, gliding into martial measures, near
  Burst the reëchoing heart with bounding wars —
The blaze of splendid battles long ago;
Magnificence of Marathon; wild bliss
Of Mycale, Plataea, Salamis,
  And shattered prows on Hellespontine shores!

They say stones leaped along the Ilian walls
At the Phoebean melodies; then how
Might human blood, e'en though it sluggish crawls
  Through craven limbs, resist so sweet appeal? —

Laconia bred that lord; yet his stern brow
Had known a mother's lips, his Spartan breast,
For once, had panted love, ere riches pressed,
And Fortune set him highest upon her wheel.

Still he stood with amazement, all the bound
Of his pride-withered and self-rooted dreams
Hot-surging under tides of sudden sound:
Child, lover, awoke; his grandsire in him stirred—
(At Artemisium he with two triremes
Had baffled Persia!) — Then the silence fell,
Resounding silence, Night's blue-caverned shell
Treasuring immortal harmonies unheard!

All this the youth perceived: not vain those years
Of music's ministry to secret pain —
Not all for naught those desperate mortal fears
Searched out in others' lives at dawn and dusk;
Nor were the exile and the toil in vain.
Beauty-remembered is a fragrant flower,
But, cherished through the else-unlovely hour,
Elysium hath no bloom to match its musk!

. . . . . .

The common morning of a common morrow
Succeeded to the wonder of the night.
With dawn that galley's oars began to furrow
Old fareways of eternal amaranth;

The youth beheld the slanting lateen's flight
From his black island-wharf; into his mind
Strange ports arose, his feet might never find,
  Piled high with Tyrian wools and tragacanth.

Out with the ship the island's master sailed,
Boarding her sudden at the front of dawn,
Wherefore none knew . . . And now mild Autumn
    paled
  The rose-red passion of Summer all among
Those island-beds of purple ocean-lawn,
And brought the day ten years had toiled to bring
Whereon the youth's release should shout and sing
Within him — yet he shouted not nor sung.

With the same sun when that long term was full,
The island lord returned within his boat,
Bearing nor tragacanth, nor Tyrian wool,
  Nor myrrh, in barter for his fruit and oil.
He came in Antioch linen, all his coat
Being one woven piece, and in his hand
He bore, soft-wound in many an azure band,
  Some hidden Asian thing of princely spoil.

Down from the ship he stepped along the wharf
All in his rich array and stately style:
Then calling over cask, and bale, and corf,
  He summoned the Athenian to his side.

The curious village folk from round the isle,
Idlers, and merchants, stood there wonder-smitten,
And so the youth as well, at what lay written
Plain in that countenance of cruel pride:

For cruel pride was gone, and in its stead
A meekness dwelt, as strange to him as all
The sumptuous vesture that so richly fed
The astonishment of people, and more fit,
For mildness gave him looks imperial,
And loftier power that suited with a lord,
Of glorious descent. With one accord
They hailed him in awed murmurs, seeing it.

The Athenian obeyed with courtesy.
And thus it fell: That costly orient vest,
One piece of woven linen flowing free,
From his own shoulders did the lord remove.
And in its folds his bondman rarely dressed.
Then, from its swathings, slow the marvel came —
A wondrous flute, wrought out by toil and flame
From purest silver ever smith did prove.

For these that ship's whole treasure was exchanged;
For these men searched through many an Asian town
And that tall galley many a seaboard ranged. —
"To-day thou 'rt free again," the master spake.

" To-morrow shall this galley bear thee down
Between the isles, along Ægina foam,
A victor, with his spoil, returning home.
To-night for me thou shalt fair sounds awake."

And so it fell. That night with princely feast
The master entertained his ten-years' slave.
The young Athenian fluted on, nor ceased
To move melodious spirits with a sigh,
But to the silver flute his sweet lip gave,
Till white waves broke around them in the dawn;
And through east windows, loitering and wan,
Selene listened from a saffron sky.

So, the tale goes, among the Cyclades
One shining temple more strove heavenward;
And Beauty again, from foam of sullen seas
Like Aphrodite, rose to regal power.
Thus Music moved the heart of that great lord.
And the white temple on his island's brow
Cheered many a mariner over many a prow
For full a thousand years from that far hour.

In the gold noontide of that final day
Anchors were heaved, smooth dipped a hundred oars,
And southern winds compelled his sail away,
That son of Art. — My chronicle is mute

About his after-deeds on other shores:
It only says men's hearts could long discern
Bright vision of him at the galley's stern,
And the clear music of his silver flute.

A VIOLA D'AMORE, XVIth CENTURY

"When I was alive I was in the forest and silent; now that I am cut down and dead, I sing sweetly."

(TO ARNOLD DOLMETSCH)

Long ago, my forest home forsaking,
First I heard the harmonies of Life —
First my heart, contented silence breaking,
Woke to sound beneath the carver's knife.

There upon the peak my spirit slumbered,
Root-secure in that unboisterous spot;
Rain and sun went by in years unnumbered:
I had joy of them, and knew it not.

Now for many years — years that are counted —
I have seen the quiet hills no more,
And my soul is tremulous, thick-haunted
With great stormy dreams undreamt before.

Long ago they cut and carved me finely;
Since that day the soft command of song
Makes my silent heart burst out divinely
With a comprehension full and strong.

For the Masters taught me their great passion,
  Taught me all the joys and wants of men,
Till I learnt to give, in wondrous fashion,
  All my lore in beauty back again;

All my lore of love and woe and grieving,
  All unuttered yearnings everywhere,
These I gathered and, with hope new-weaving,
  Made them magic-sweet upon the air.

AFTER A DOLMETSCH CONCERT

(FOR W. S. B.)

Out of the conquered Past
  Unravishable Beauty;
Hearts that are dew and dust
  Rebuking the dream of Death;
Flower of the clay down-cast
  Triumphant in Earth's aroma;
Strings that were strained in rust
  A-tremble with Music's breath!

Wine that was spilt in haste
  Arising in fumes more precious;
Garlands that fell forgot
  Rooting to wondrous bloom;
Youth that would flow to waste
  Pausing in pool-green valleys —
And Passion that lasted not
  Surviving the voiceless tomb!

FOR A GARDEN GIRL'S SEA-GOING

Her whom dark cities never pleased
The *wandergeist* again hath seized;
She who in gardens loves to bore,
And the moist, rooty soil explore,
Now all the furrows of the deep,
Parterres of waving green, shall sweep.
So shall she pile with richer store
The memories on her harvest-floor;
Red sunsets, and the long, superb
White spires of many a wave-crest herb.
Amid those pleasant, foam-flowered leas,
The unwalled orchards of the seas,
She whose life loves the golden sun
Each ripening dusk shall pluck her one,
Resting each night beneath the broad
Star-budded shadow-boughs of God.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER

Masters tell and paint and sing,
  Lighting many a knee-worn shrine
Up the nave of years to bring
  Homage to this love of thine —
Mother-love whose altars ring
  With old litanies divine.

Peace and ancient wonder fill
  Him who rests his look on thee;
Though his lips be silent, still
  Evermore life's melody
Must for him with beauty thrill,
  Sacred, out of Galilee.

What is like the love thou hast
  Never words can sing or say,
Thou who in thy arms so fast
  Carest for him night and day,
That thy boy may grow at last
  Strong enough to break away.

What is like the vision grown
  Sudden in the mother's soul,
None but she hath ever known, —
  Vision of the years that roll

Bringing him a world his own
He must win, redeem, control.

Dread by thy soft hand unquelled
Yet their soothing strength shall feel;
He to love shall be compelled
By thy lips' yet-binding seal —
Oft in world-compassion held
By thy words that still shall heal!

ELIZABETH

And is thy home some heavenly place
  Of calm eyes and unhurried breath? —
But yet thou lendest earth thy grace,
    Elizabeth!

How much of beauty thou canst see
  From where thy lovely soul looks out,
Beyond our flushed anxiety,
    Beyond our doubt!

At times wouldst thou go join thine own
  Within some starry sisterhood?
Thou wilt not leave us thus alone —
    Thou art too good!

Thou, wistful, turnest back to us
  Whenso that longing whispereth,
Still to make life more luminous,
    Elizabeth!

TO "SISTER MAY" OF EGMONT STREET

To "Sister May" whose grace commands
Tribute from tried and loving hands,
I, timid, but as earnest, pray
That she yet one remembrance lay
With those she guards in jealous hands!

Thrice fortunate, that one who stands,
Though late, upon those golden sands
Where light and sweetness find their way
To "Sister May"!

And, though the curse of Fortune brands
As brief his hour along that strand's
Music-resounding, sheltered bay,
Yet shall he dare, in future day,
Speed a friend's thought from distant lands
To "Sister May"!

THE FIRE-CURE

(To the ailing Gloriana, with a bundle of fagots made from Norwegian pine book-boxes out of Scotland)

Kin to the Parsee, I well know
How heals and sanctifies the glow
Of the frank flame, and how its cure
Makes the far source of being pure.
And you who love the open fire
Should now feed fat your heart's desire:
Idle in bliss all night before
Your chimney's hospitable roar,
While the red hearth builds up your frame
With healing fingers of the flame.
Let nothing, for the nonce, disturb,
Nor aught your wingéd fancy curb,
But fix among the gledes your glance
And give your fieriest wish its chance.

Seven-gated Thèbes shall entertain,
Or wind-swept Ilium o'er its plain;
There Capaneus shall scorn Jove,
Pandarus aim, and Paris love.
There shall you of your day be shrived,
Shall taste old pleasures underived,

Shall tread Dodona's storm-bleak brow
All warm within; and, meeting now
The rugged shepherd, hail with cheer
His unbroached, tumid goatskin near,
Whose wine, pressed out by maidens' feet,
Shall seem past telling wild and sweet.

Or if, like mine, your fancy stray
With shepherds of a later day,
You 'll tend, among your flames, the flocks
Of dark girls of the Tuscan rocks,
And learn to love the songs and vines
Of the romantic Apennines,
Where passion and religion blend
Like colors of the evening-end.

Mayhap your memory, too, has held
The legends of the Dovrefjeld,
And now among the changeful coals
There 'll sport quaint nixies, gnomes, and trolls,
Inviting, luring, beckoning on,
To distances unknown where wan
Some shrunk Walhalla waits, and its
Diminished Odin nodding sits.

Haply your eye with deeper flash
Will answer the yet-blooming ash
At thought that, as it goes to grey
In yielding you its inmost ray,

That light was once a morning's blue
On the dawn-greeting peak where grew
Stalwart and supple, lithe, divine,
Some Baldur of a Norway pine.
And, looking so upon the pyre
Where burns the heroic farewell fire,
Think once that in your reverie there
Two friends your finest thought would share.

Once the split tree we send you felt
The sun and storms his mountains dealt,
And thrived indifferent through the sure,
Strong years that made his fate secure.
(Fate that prepared him for this end,
To burn for friends to warm a friend.)

I call that Destiny as bright
As could wish any pine to-night!
But more he felt ere yet your hand
Laid him upon the kindling brand:
He had a longer voyage to you,
And weightier errands, than you knew.
First, out of Norway, stripped and bare,
To Scotland like a king did fare
The beaten, exile pine, and lent
His form to strange habiliment.
They made him serve them like a slave
With burthens sore as he was brave;

And on a day at length decreed
That he should go with scrip and screed
A-wandering on the old grey sea,
Their trusty messenger to be
In courts remote, and bear them goods
Right welcome in those latitudes.
A fine sense of the forest made
Joyance of duties stern and staid:
He felt as on his native height
The beauty of the spreading light.
Thus books he brought, fair, faithful books
That spread their light on whoso looks,
As shines the day on striving trees,
Or hearthfire on sweet reveries.

So, after mountain, exile, toil,
And drudgeries that not despoil,
Let him give life, in dying, then,
And make the woman well again!
Let his unconscious, ancient strength
Find rest and permanence at length
There in a soul as high and fine
As the straight Baldur mountain-pine!

TO A PAIR OF LEARNÉD LADIES WHO MAKE THE SONGS THEY SING

Melody was less divine
When the Muses numbered nine
Than now, when, informed by you,
Song and Wisdom need but two.

Many swear — and well, by heaven! —
That they never miss the Seven,
Each of you within her breast
Having all the Nine possessed!

MEMINISSE JUVABIT

(ON RECEIVING A FRIEND'S POEMS AND A PIPE)

In other years when I am gray and bent,
Dull-eyed and trembly-voiced,
Dear George, I 'll think of you and ways we went
When our young hearts rejoiced.

Then, maybe, by some blazing inglenook
As the day wanes, I 'll sit,
Laid open on my knee your poem-book,
Your English briar lit.

And maybe you, still young, will visit me,
Stroll up my garden walk,
Whistling the old-time college melody,
And pause an hour, and talk.

DOUBLE-RINGS

O BROTHER of the rod and line,
A grief have I like unto thine,
When thou, alone, the two-foot trout
From the clear pool canst not pull out!

Not much at Walton's art am I,
Nor skilled to fling the twitching fly,
Yet, I repeat, there is a grief
Like thine, and galling past belief:

'Tis when, companions gone, I light
Another pipe to wile the night,
And feel that not a man may know
What perfect double-rings I blow!

TO A FRIEND PLAYING HIS FLUTE

(FOR O. O.)

When she is kissed by thee, she remembers magic sounds;
She leaps to thy fingers' touch like a tenderly loved woman;
She sings with the liquid voices of birds,
And the innocent voices of young girls in the forests,
Or in the meadows by melodiously running streams.

There the warm sun lies upon smoothly turning waters,
And the meadow-lark transposes that warm smoothness into sound.

She is the loved one of thy lips, O boy.
She gives thee kiss for kiss, and her secret soul
Cries out in passionate joy to the harmonies of thy secret soul!

Now there is sorrow, as of twilight when lovers meet
Among the roses in some ancient garden.

There is a sorrow of separation,
But there is also a sorrow of being together.
Do not lovers know this when they meet at twilight
among roses
Where the curved moon makes a pallid light through
the enclasping yews?

TO ALFRED OWRE

"An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night."
KING HENRY IV, Part II, Act V, Sc. iii.

DOCTOR, if to Shallow's orchard
We could both to-night repair,
We might hear good Master Silence
Making merry with him there.

But, my boy, think you we'd envy
All their wit and laughter gay —
We whose joy is pewter, Sheffield,
Staffordshire, and cloisonné?

Were they "merry," those poor mortals,
As they doubtless dreamed they were,
Knowing naught of old Bohemian?
You and I may doubt it, Sir!

Had they e'er in their contentment,
Ale-pots, mirth, and garden light,
Such an hour as *we* might grant them
Is indeed "the sweet o' night"?

Poor dead roisterers, that knew not
How a night may smile away
Lulled by porcelain and pewter,
Staffordshire and cloisonné!

Then to think — what brewage had they
That by yours would stand a show!
Why, your beer is like your heart, man,
And your heart's the best I know.

CHRISTMAS, 1905.

THE BROTHER

I saw thee sleeping, whom
I love;
Silence was in the room;
Above,
Shone heaven through winter gloom.

The uncurtained window gleamed
On thy shut eyes,
And all the starlight streamed
Down the cold skies
To gild us as we dreamed.

A little while I lay
Gazing on thy dear face;
Slumber had thee away,
And for a fleeting space
Mine was thy beauty's day.

I yearned o'er thee
With eyes unveiled; my heart
Spoke audibly;
A little didst thou start,
But not for me.

I stepped
Softly; thou could'st not know:
Soon crept
Dreams round me too; and so
We slept.

A MAY AGO

The month has come again, but scarce
Can Springtime come again for me,
Old comrade, with you dead; naught wears
The ancient dream and melody!

'T was a Spring twilight. Cool and blue
The day set through suburban elms;
Silence and peace awaited you,
And rest in our familiar realms.

I laid and lit our fire of boughs,
In the street-window set our rose;
I bade our music-box arouse
Old airs that give a heart repose.

All night I waited for your sound —
Until the first train-whistle stirred
The dull night's dream; and, after, found
Day-noises, but of you no word.

You never came. You 'll never come.
The city keeps you where you died.
Our rose is dead, our music dumb,
And May is dead and dumb beside!

CHILD OF THE MOUNTAIN PATH

(FOR W. S. B.)

KEEP well thy heart of song,
  Child of the mountain path;
Soon will the way seem long —
Keep well thy heart of song!
With it, nor rough nor wrong
  Spell for thy beauty hath:
Keep well thy heart of song,
  Child of the mountain path.

DEDICATION IN AN ALBUM

As orchard apples, so should friendship yield:
Simply, — first bud, then blossom; after which
Long trusting, while slow suns mature the rich
And perfect clusters. Late, while path-crossed field,
And streams, and all the orchard ways are sealed
With Winter's signet, and up-chimney pitch
The fire's great arms, — then is, in ingle-niche,
The gathered fruit, wine-ripe and sound, revealed!

FLAME AT THE CORE OF THE WORLD

Flame at the core of the world,
And flame in the red rose-tree;
The one is the fire of the ancient spheres,
The other is Junes to be;
And, oh, there 's a flame that is both their flames
Here at the heart of me!

As strong as the fires of stars,
As the prophet rose-tree true,
The fire of my life is tender and wild,
Its beauty is old and new;
For out of the infinite past it came
With the love in the eyes of you!

LYRIC AT DAWN

I DREAMT that out of dawn and dark
Your soul and mine were born;
And mine was like a flaming spark,
And yours was like the morn.

To mine your spirit from of old
Had risen with its love,
As yearns the morning to enfold
The orb she glows above.

But always fails that sinking star
As dawn mounts up the sky,
For they were made to come from far,
To greet — and say good-bye.

LOVE'S PATIENCE

I LEARN to lag behind my life's desire,
That I, impelled not rashly to despair,
May rather guide still hope to some sweet air
Of high achievement where, with statelier fire,
Nearer the stars, my passion may aspire!
Slow-tongued Experience teaches me to bear
On lips more patient Love's impatient prayer,
With toiling hands to weave my dream's attire!
Yet, oh, when fragrant evening dims the world,
What moon-flames burn in all the lamps of dew!
What lonely roses lift their hearts impearled —
What silence waits the step and voice of you!
Then, then, all fails; my empty arms outstart
For one brief hour to strain you to my heart!

DEAR, IF YOU KNEW

Dear, if you knew what lonely hours I wear
Wooing the evening with the name most fair,
  Admitting to the secret of that sound
  The dim bloom of our little blossom-ground,
Letting my twilight all that sweetness share!

And when my music dies across the air,
How all that silence deepens into prayer
  That where you are such peace may fold you round —
    Dear, if you knew!

My days are long and full of common care;
Ofttimes I almost curse them that they dare
  To dull my thoughts of you. But cares are drowned
  When the bewildering hours at dusk are crowned
Once more with song. — Oh, could you linger there,
    Dear, if you knew?

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE

Absence is full of song of you which dies
When I, once more, look down within your eyes:
I know not why — not one least syllable
Reaches your ears, from all I long to tell!

Let it be so! For, in your silence I
  Perceive you spellbound, too; and therein read
All absent lovely words you ever sigh —
  The selfsame words that fail me in my need.

MY SONG MUST NOT FORSAKE ME

Not mine from thee, loved heart, to feel such tide
As this mine own doth pour thee;
Still shall I not go all unsatisfied:
Enough that I adore thee.

And if thou never wakest to my song,
Not weakly shall it falter;
Proudly I pace Love's lonely courts along
Unto their inmost altar.

Ah, some day, if, within thy pleasant sleep,
Faint echoes of me find thee,
White heart, may dreams be not too fair or deep
Or soothing to unbind thee!

Perchance even then, responding to that sound,
Thou 'lt hail and overtake me,
Clearing the idle distance at a bound. . . .
My song must not forsake me!

FITNESS

Deep thou thy love dost hold,
  Lest thine eyes, unasked, be lit;
Thy song stays all untold
  Until thou singest it.

The flame in the rose-bud's heart
  Awaiteth the flame of June;
Song bursts thy lips apart
  With only the perfect tune.

SEA-GOING

If lovers be that have forgot,
How matters that to me?
Our hearts are such as falter not
Before the blinding sea!

Though waters shut your lips away,
And drown their wild reply,
Yet shall I hear them trembling say,
"I love you, dear. — Good-bye!"

A SONG OF LOVE AND YOUR DREAMS

If Life be the street
  Where dreams are sold,
Faith is the purse
  Of exhaustless gold.

Dreams are a-many,
  Both false and true,
But Love's is the home
  You fetch them to;

And there, all alone
  With Love, you pour
The dreams you bought
  On your chamber floor.

And when Love looks
  Each packet through,
His smile turns all
  The false ones true!

LYRIC AT DUSK

Winds of the wood sing toward the East
  In swelling monotone
Where kneels their silver-vested priest,
  One quiet cloud, alone.

Slow from their haze-hung votive cells,
  Through the dim chancel-screen,
Appear light golden thuribles
  Swung out by hands unseen.

Dear eyes! Remotely through the trees
  Yon vesper stars appear —
You hold the sacred fire of these
  Deep, changeless, ever near!

STILLED WATERS

From their tabernacled caverns
Priestly cataracts intone,
In the highlands, in the winds,
As they flow;
And the waters of the level
Have a litany their own,
Which the crystal-vested crags
Never know.

Though remembered be the music
Of the sanctuary far,
In the peaceful river's voice,
Musefully,
Now it holds a richer meaning
As the waters hold the star,
Or my heart, so calm at last,
Holds thee!

"AT THE HILL'S TOP BIDES LOVE"

Mine is no wayside rose
All may attend:
At the hill's top it grows,
At the road's end.

Deep in unchidden weeds,
Rose without stain —
His soul its beauty feeds
Who can attain.

He who attains thereto
Faith must disclose,
Ere he will shake the dew
Round its repose.

No pleasant garden-slope
Waiteth for him —
It is to him whose hope
Stayeth undim.

Who trusting receives it,
A faith, in the dale,
His hoping achieves it,
His toil shall avail!

THE MYSTERY OF BEAUTY

I

For whom is Beauty? Where no eyes attend
As richly goes the day; and every dawn
Reddens along green rivers whereupon
None ever gaze. Think, could earth see an end
Of all the twilight lovers whose thoughts blend
With scents of garden blooms they call their own,
Would not as close the yellowest rose outblown
Be, after them, the unmurmurous evening's friend?
Then wherefore Beauty, if in mortal eye
That loves them stars no challenge read to shine,
And all the wonder of a sunset sky
Wax not more wondrous for such smile as thine?
Why, pray, if not for Love which cannot die —
This old earth-loving Love of thine and mine!

II

When we two from our summer hills have passed,
  And Autumn burns beneath thy praise no more,
  Nor any Winter's raving at our door
Shuts each within the other's heart more fast;
Neither Spring's roses learn what lips thou hast —
  Oh, then this thing called Beauty to its core
  Our wedded souls shall penetrate before
One thought unto Eternity is cast!
Then shall we know the violet's pretext; learn
  More definite a promise of the rose,
And its fulfilment; when the maples turn,
  Be part of all the glory among those;
Or help the May with her uncoiling fern,
  And breathe the trillium open where it grows!

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

Methought I saw the lovers Time has known —
Not Helen with the earth-flame in her eyes,
Neither Francesca with her stifled moan,
Nor any like to these, but otherwise.

Quiet, unluted lovers all obscure,
Sweet as with garden fragrance and still dew,
Whose passions were both prosperous and pure,
Whose lives were all their loveliest dreams made true.

They crouched not low bewailing mournful chance,
But seemed strong souls beneath the day's white star,
Revealed a moment in my breathless trance,
Erect and fair as the immortals are.

Youths and dear girls unknown to minstrels' page,
Husbands and wives forgotten in the earth,
Old men and women smiling through their age —
All steadfast spirits since True-Love had birth.

They moved before my eyes a little time,
Then vanished — O imperishable dream!
I saw beyond the cloud, I heard Love's rhyme
Under the loud, swift current of Life's stream:

I saw the world upheld by lovers' hands,
I felt a silence fine as Music's soul —
For Love's immortals, like angelic bands,
Held all the earth in one divine control.

REVEILLE

I WOULD awaken with a clarion tongue
The strong, swift soul, immortal-fair and young!
He is a dreaming god whose youthful power
Wakes not within him till too late an hour,
When pain or pleasure, vital love or hate,
Rouse him to unpremeditated fate.
I would awake thee, Soul, that thou mayst know
And try thy strength, and fall not blindly so!

"VERS LA VIE"

(THE STATUE BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU IN THE PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, BRUSSELS)

ANGEL, hast thou betrayed me? Long ago
In the forgotten land of souls that wait,
Thou leddest me to the outward-folding gate,
Bidding me live. I leaned into the flow
Of earthward-rushing spirits, fain to know
What are humanity and human fate
Of which the rumor reached to where we sate
In our cool, hidden, dreamless ante-glow.
But I learn not, and am bewildered here
To know why thou with seeming-kindly hands
Didst lead me forth, explorer of a star
Where all is strange, and very often Fear
Urges retreat to that Forgotten Land's
Unthoughtful shores where thou and silence are!

RECOLLECTION

(TO A POET)

Was birth to thee an interrupted strain
  Of masterful music whence our banished souls
  Recall their parts with passion? Often rolls
Across our troubled memory (not in vain!)
Some godlike, unexpressed orchestral pain
  Which our detached, unfellowed flute consoles
  But brokenly, and which the heart controls
To beating viols and woodwinds once again!

THE RIVAL QUESTS

Of our mixed life two quests are given control:
Food for the body, friendship for the soul.
High as the spirit hovers o'er its flesh
The second quest is free, serene, and fresh.
O sorrow, that so oft the first betrays
This eager searching of celestial ways!
O bitter sorrow, that the first can rise
And pluck his soaring brother from the skies!
But there is joy in musing how there be
These twain in some lives ruling tranquilly.

"THE WORKER"

They gave him health to know the fields,
And try the mountain's girth,
And the bright love a young life yields,
Back to the splendid earth.

They gave a singing heart that knows
How the dumb hours are blest;
And hope they gave, that springs and grows
Beside that in the breast.

They gave — those far, ancestral friends
That shaped the soul of him —
Passion for every road that bends
Over the hilltops dim.

All these; but how such gifts to guard,
Not one command gave they,
Save to work on both late and hard
And use them every day.

And health and love and hope and song
Rose in him wild and free,
While up the hilltop highways long
His thought roamed pleasantly.

PHANTOM LIFE

My days are phantom days, each one
  The shadow of a hope;
My real life never was begun,
Nor any of my real deeds done.

I live so quietly I know
  There must be many a sun
That does not see me as I go
Among my shadows to and fro.

THE SAIL

One shining sail at dawn there went, untorn
By stress of beating gales;
Unweary seemed she of the winds, unworn
By aught that weareth sails.

Light through the sun like a discarded feather
Sunk to that wrinkling glass,
She sped, and with the young wild winds together
Out from my bay did pass.

And I who thrilled, so watching, never guessed
Till she, at noon, a common craft came by,
Her glow had been the morning in my breast,
Her eagerness was I.

THE TOWER AND THE TOWN

Me in my tower the Voices called,
"Come down into the world!"
I went not, for my sight was walled
Only by hills: below me crawled
The dark town smoke-enfurled.

I answered, "Here the gods are near,
And here my life belongs."
I turned to watch an eagle veer
Round a white peak; I heard the clear
Sweet, mountain shepherd-songs.

"All sing or soar, each mountain thing,"
I said, "and my heart, too,
Up from this earth to joy shall spring,
And I will learn to soar and sing
As I was made to do!"

But as I leaned to listen there
Above the multitude,
A sound like some familiar air
Came thrilling upward, strangely fair,
From the dull human brood —

Up from the careworn city blown,
  Up from that reeking ground —
High on my hills I ne'er had known
Such passionate and lovely tone
  As echoed in that sound.

A soaring quality it had,
  Yet earth-confined, like flame;
Compassionate, serene, and sad,
And partly hopeful, and half-glad,
  Mingled, its measures came.

It waned. The Voices called once more,
  "Turn from thy lofty place:
There shalt thou neither sing nor soar."
Then down the stair, and out the door,
  I turned, and went apace!

WITH THE CONQUERORS

Dazzled by pain we reel beside the path;
Dumb, staggering back, we 're blinded by the dust
Of wheels and hoofs that throb there — till a crust
Scorches along our gullets. What god's wrath
Wreaks a blind vengeance through these bones? —
What hath
This soul down brutal lives of blame and lust,
Namelessly criminate, gathered, that he must
Reap to that god this bitter aftermath?
Pain! Withering blast! Not that I would not fight,
But that I cannot. Cannot? At the word
Blooms with an inward lightning all my soul;
My mouth grows moist, the very load seems light,
And fears of which no conscript slave e'er heard
Whip onward where the chariots charge their
goal!

AT A CLINIC

Before dim altars, in antique cathedrals,
The gilded bishop chanted long, but here
The white, fact-reverent, marble amphitheatre,
With its pale surgeon, brings my God more near!

THE INCURABLES

Long up and down I paced the House of Pain:
On their white thrones reclined the dwellers there
In regal reticence and superb despair,
Mained, marred, half blotted out, as they had lain,
For expiation, under the disdain
Of Life's great, grinding car; repulsive, fair,
Old, young, loud, gentle, now alike did bear
That kingly quiet whereto those attain
Whom Life has conquered, and whom Death has smitten
With the universal Light. Their erstwhile fret
Forgotten entire beneath the eternal sun,
They lay and read in air the old laws written
Of silence, and their souls were outward set
Where young and old and fair and foul are one.

THE SONS OF MEN

THE whine of the weak to God on high arose:
"Hast thou made all things, O Lord, for the Great, our foes?
Behold, how under the Strong our ranks are hurled!
Tell us, O Lord, for whom mad'st Thou Thy world?"

And the Ancient of Days looked down on the cripple throng,
And answered, "I made my world for the Great and Strong!"

The rage of the Great arose to God on high:
"We are baffled by Cowards that twist our schemes awry!
We are dragged to earth by the Weaklings everywhere!"
For whom mad'st Thou Thy world, O God, declare!"

And the Lord replied from his lofty place apart,
"I made my world for the Weak and Faint-of-Heart!"

"IT IS HE THAT HATH MADE US"

He made good men, and He made bad men,
And He made men half and half;
On the first He smiles, for the next He weeps,
On the last He looks down to laugh.

He made brave souls, He made coward souls,
And He made souls halfway brave;
The first He loves, and the next He hates,
But the last — He died to save!

CAPANEUS

(INFERNO, CANTO XIV)

Him, before Thebes, inflexible in scorn,
Sought out the life-consuming bolt of Jove;
And those all-conquering gods with whom he strove
He would not please by being overborne:
Nay, rather, erect against the level morn
In death he towered; noon her splendour drove
Full in his unshut eyes; and till dusk wove
His rigid limbs such purples as adorn
Great kings arisen in council, stood this king.
Swathed in voluminous folds of the rich night,
Dauntless and proud, he paced his path to hell:
The stolid Fates peered after, wondering,
And all Olympus paused in baffled spite,
Foiled by one human will's imperial spell!

SONS OF ISRAEL

Twelve palm-girt fountains did in Elim spring,
  Yet Israel's march must reel
Away through a parched Rephidim or e'er it bring
  Onward the fate-flung line of its distant weal.

Even so Man's Fate doth swerve him — Beauty she,
  And a deity passing stern;
Deep wells of delight, and cool, sweet palms, there be
For us who are hers — and deserts that writhe and
    burn!

UNREST

"A NIBBLER at the cosmic crust,
A sipper at the fount —
Great God, I am a thing of dust
Thine eyes will scarce account.

"Oh, to bite deep the loaf of things!
Oh, once my body give
Unto the bright and primal springs,
And rise and breathe and live!"

Man, look unto thy neighbour's fare,
Reach crust and cup along,
Or start upon the fevered air
Some heart-refreshing song,

And thou shalt marvel that all things
Thy heart hath learned to give,
Are whiter loaves and purer springs
Wherefrom to rise and live!

WRITTEN AS A STEAMER LETTER

(TO E. D. B.)

NEPTUNE, ESQ.,
DEAR SIR: —

Herewith I send
One copy, in cloth, of "The Collector's Friend,"
Which send back in your best skin, tooled to match,
With your accustomed neatness and dispatch.

Copies in this condition, you may know,
Are very scarce; in fact, sales-records show,
As doubtless you 're informed — but I forgot
You 've handled it before, this very lot.

Its rarity and worth I merely mention
To guarantee your personal attention,
Of which I beg the favour, and request
The forwarding to be your very best.

Morocco bound, this time; doublé Canary;
Flies watered; head-bands, champagne or a sherry;
Borders of flowers, Italian, not too plain;
And on the side a little London pane.

You will recall the artistic shores you bound —
And how your Latin style my client found,
Two years ago, most pleasing; hence, 't is well,
Perhaps, to work in more of French *dentelles*.

The lot, while quite complete, unfoxed, untorn,
You 'll notice seems a very little worn;
But once, I 'm sure, your skilful hands gone through,
The volume can be catalogued " as new."

Beware of trimming, though the margin 's wide;
The measures are on record. And, beside,
You need not gild the edges, smooth or rough;
The lot as offered is gilt-edged enough.

Last — for in shipment many things deface —
Make a neat, snug, brown Niger, pull-off case,
One of your famous make; box well, and send
Marked: *Fragile, Use with Care: "Collector's Friend."*

QUATRAINS

WIRES

Wires, invisible, strong, link all I see,
Or feel, or think, firm to my fate-closed past:
Some are melodious-ringing message-wires,
And some are twisted cables I would cut!

"COUNT THAT DAY LOST"

This is the smart of life: the ceaseless round
Of toilsome days that yield nor sign nor sound,
Whether the act repays the ache it cost,
Whether the ended day was lived or lost.

BETWEEN THE GATES

The God of Gates both back and forward sees,
And man, who serves him, only one of these.
Events push on. The gods, severe but wise,
Knew well which way to set our mortal eyes!

GÉRARD DE NERVAL

(FOR HIS CENTENARY)

"And some," the Angel said, "sink 'neath the spur
Of mighty vision in a breast too frail,
Of whom was Gérard: Beauty made him pale,
And burst his heart with maddening dreams of her!"

TRUTH

She hath changed never — never will she change,
Although we question, watching from afar:
She hath God's boundless universe to range,
And only moveth court from star to star.

BROTHERHOOD

Of old, with empty hands and slow,
The palmer sought the distant shrine.
I swift to many altars go,
Another's hand in each of mine.

"WHOSE MIND TO JUSTICE SWAYS"

Whose mind to justice sways a passionate heart,
He shall prevail in battle, law and art;
Not without storm, but steadied in restraint,
Heart and mind wed, fight thou, or plead, or paint!

COMPENSATION

After the dry-eyed years of calm content,
There came a dream of homing as I slept,
Which left me, when its beauty was all spent,
Weary and sick at heart; — but then, *I wept!*

AND IN A BLESSÉD MIST LOOKED MARY'S EYES

Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

W. B. Yeats.

And in a blesséd mist looked Mary's eyes
That daylong over Jesus gently smiled;
Old tender Galilean lullabies
Sang she, untroubled, to a happy child.

LOVE IN DEEDS

One's own lips are his heart's best enemies,
And their report True Love but faintly heeds:
O Friend, forget both words and silences,
And learn to read great love in little deeds!

THE INVOICE OF CONTENT

A busy brain, a quiet heart,
A share in human hopes and fears,
A faith that only friends impart —
And one to cherish through the years.

MOTIVES

They say, when God's great door flies open wide,
All those who hear "*Well done!*" shall pass inside;
But may not some of us, sore pressed and spent,
Likewise go in, God whispering low, "*Well meant*"?

OPTIMISM

THERE is a shallow optimism abroad
That will see naught but comedy; from gray
And duller tones of life it turns away
To live upon its laughter, thanking God.
There *is* an Optimism that is awed
At the tragedy of life, but knows the play
Grandly conceived, and will unwincing stay,
The plot to study and the piece applaud.

SUMMITS

(FOR R. W.)

Toward heights I may not hope to climb
  Hourly my thought may stir:
The dreamt-of summit grows sublime,
  My valley lovelier.

The task that holds me at the base
  Of the sweet mountain-slope,
Forbids not that I lift my face
  To the cool winds of hope:

And wingless duty to the mind
  Ungrudging doth permit
That he each day a summit find
  On fresh-worn paths to it.

AS TO THE FATALISTIC DOCTRINE OF ESOTERIC BUDDHISM

I FEEL it. But perhaps thy keener mind,
Attuned to subtler overtones, more remote
Wide-gleaned associations — having by rote
So much I, painful-struggling, toilsome find —
May slip the sweet fruit from its during rind
And share the pleasant pulp with me; my throat
Delights in that ripe juice; my blood doth float
At ease for that sooth medicine of Ind.
I take it whole as vended. Thou, for both,
Mayest pare with Reason; or, contented be
Merely to rest here outside Logic's door
And buy of the brown dealers, nothing loath
To accept — as I — this fruit of Ancientry,
Since when God willed our Love forevermore!

TO A LIGHT-SHIP IN THE HARBOR

From what storm-driven seas
To this at last,
This harbour of long peace,
Thy course thou hast —
Above what anchor thus,
Secure and unafraid,
Constant and luminous,
Thy lamps rebuke the shade —
And, oh, if my stout craft
May ever steadfast be,
And send such golden shaft
Far inland as to sea —
I know not this, nor how
Mine own shall ever land:
The spume flies at my prow,
The tiller burns my hand!

Wast beaten round The Horn —
Didst know strange, starless calms,
Nor through the fogs at morn
Hail'dst any isle of palms?
This on its perilous cruise
My little barque hath known,

But, as we mariners use,
Not chartless was she blown.
I guess that from the first
Her beams were meant to bend,
And they must brave or burst
Before the voyage-end;
I guess her bowing mast
Is of the seasoned pine,
That she may scorn what blast
Shall pound her through the brine—
That she was built to blow
Near many shoals, before,
She makes the port where flow
The even tides of shore.

So that, from stormy flight
Safe in her port like thee,
She may as sure a light
Shed over land and sea;
And, knowing well the waste,
And how the dark is grim,
With lanterns lofty-placed
She shall be never dim!

"THE AGE OF TOLERATION"

(ON THE BUTCHERING OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA)

WHAT, this "the age of toleration"? — Yet
'T is well so named for you that wield earth's state:
'T is a vast, bloody show ye tolerate,
Mute mouths, glazed eyes, round Hate's arena set!
Behold your "Christian" robes all dabbled wet
With human crimson, stains which to abate
No throat thrills out — (though soft ye come, too late,
With bootless gold and maudlin, vain regret!)
Comes this of Fear, great Nations? Can it be
None dares the dripping monster's bloodshot eye?
Not pious Germany, not ransomed Gaul,
Proud Britain, nor — Oh shame, *thy* form to see
With theirs, my country! leaning from thy stall,
Pale but still mute, while Hell goes glittering by!

BEFORE AN AMERICAN ELECTION

Loyal hearts, the century through,
  Back to you our blessings turn;
Veins within us filled by you
  Yet with righteous ardor burn!

Down the years hot truth has run
  Purest in your earthen mould —
Bunker Hill and Lexington
  Leave us models from of old.

We who till the fervent West—
  How ye would have loved the land! —
Feel the fire of your unrest
  By the breath of danger fanned.

Not diminished, farmer sires,
  Runs our yet-indignant blood —
Waked to sympathetic fires
  And more watchful hardihood.

'T is a stealthier alien we
  Fight upon our father's soil —
And his flaming livery
  Is the red-and-gold of spoil.

Hearts triumphant, Minute-men,
  Listen in your yielding graves!
Farmers, rise to fight again
  Where the alien's banner waves!

THE BRONZE FREEDOM

(ERECTED UPON THE DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL, DECEMBER, 1865)

A VESTAL set above the land
To meet the flame of Mars,
I hover doubtful, spear in hand,
Between the states and stars.

With battles loud beneath my feet
I, kindred to the steel,
Arose, on music seeming-sweet,
To counsel and appeal.

But, poised here where the cannon's lull
Let heaven fill mine ears,
I found earth's voice uncertain, dull,
Among the chanting spheres.

The cannons ceased. I heard men shout
That other men were free;
But dead men, dead men lay about
Far as mine eyes could see.

I saw no race of joyful slaves
Released from shame and care;
I only saw the graves, the graves,
Around me everywhere!

TO LONGFELLOW

Bard of the beautiful life, chanter of home and of childhood,
Poet of passionless mood, cunning in music and color,
Like the church-builders of old whose chimes and legended windows
Sweeten the heart of the world with harmony, worship and wonder —
Grateful that such thou wast who first in our minds grew familiar,
Thankful for serious thoughts, for pictures, analogies, stories,
We who were born to thy lore, breathing thy song at the hearthside,
Arise in the silence of love and listen anew to thy numbers.

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE WHEAT

I SING to the trample of feet on golden floors —
A continent's court whose dust is drifting gold;
I chant with the voice of the flood that over it pours
Five hundred leagues at a lapse to the huge Gulf's hold.

I sing to the yielding of bolts of mountain doors,
To the echoes of iron that beat their measures bold,
While, east and west, to the strain of bursting stores,
Five hundred leagues asunder, the gates unfold.

Where the blind, quick seed of life for a thousand shores
Is blest by the harrow that sinks in the silent mold,
I sing to the tremble of steel where the trestle roars,
I chant to the throbbing of ships on seas untold!

THE VANISHING SANCTUARY

(ST. MARK'S, IN SIXTH STREET, MINNEAPOLIS)

Men vanish and their monuments are vain,
Receding with them in the dreamful air;
And thou, dear house of song and heartening prayer,
Soon only in sweet reverie shalt remain
To us who sought thy peace and felt a strain
Of harmony divine dissolve earth's care;
From us who miss thee on thy thoroughfare,
Thou shalt rich alms of golden memory gain!
But we who loved thee pass. What shall abide
To thy long ministry a memorial
When we, too, shall have vanished? Some deep trace
Along our streets of worthier civic pride!
Some prompter heartleap to the country's call!
Some broader love toward all our toiling race!

IN TENEBRIS

I

The Poet.

I HAVE been dead and under the sod so long!
Oh, to break forth, arise,
Resume the song,
And just be again beneath the old blue skies!

II

The Soldier.

'Tis weary here waiting alone!
This darkness is deaf and dumb,
And I lie here like a stone.
Above is there yet some light?
Do the highways hum?
Here never a glimmer and never a sound hath come —
Save once a drum
Of soldiers that went to fight!
O God! to swing off with them,
Faring afoot with them,
On to the charge and the glory of War!
Or to gallop ahead of them,
Victory-sped of them —
That were worth waiting and suffering for!
Never again,
O Marching Men,
Shall we shout together the songs of camp!
No banner can beck, no bright sword flash and wave
Here in the grave,
In the grave that is dark and damp.
— That were worth all, did I think, did I say?
All save their forgetting! But he is a knave
That will drain his draught and grumble that he must pay!

III

The Priest.

How long is it now, I wonder —
A thousand years, at least,
Here the dark vault under,
Feet to the East,
Supposed to be Paradise-walking, a purgéd priest!
Well, none of them see me, thank heaven,
As they pass me here on the hill —
So long as they live they 're shriven,
And when they come here — they are still.

THE TOILERS

Huge lumber mills across the lake
  Glitter with lights, the night-shift 's on.
Toilers for me strange beauty make
  Betwixt these twilights wan.

Grey sky above, grey lake below,
  Even the west to-night is grey,
But there the great mill windows glow,
  And make the dull night gay.

O if I may not share your toils,
  Ye men whose patient strength is gold
From lands of dream some fairy spoils
  I 'd bring your hearts to hold.

THE FIRE-BEARERS

Ye who bear fire within your breasts
That never rests,
Early your clamouring heart shall learn
Only to burn,
To ask nor other food
Than their own fire,
Nor other fellowhood
Than their sublime, unquenchable desire!

Ask not the End, if asking give
Less joy to live,
Or if, to ask, you long must wait
By some thronged gate
Where the glib answerers dwell:
Your heart of fire
Hath his own lore to tell
Of his sublime, unquenchable desire.

The great, unkindled multitude,
The rough, the rude,
Let them your living rapture know,
And share your glow —

The dreamless give their dream!
Fire answering fire
Fulfilment sweet shall seem
Of your sublime, unquenchable desire!

THE CAVALCADE

I saw the Singers, king and sage,
Monk, peasant, villager, and mage,
Round the long hillside winding slow,
With gifts unto their temple go.

All odours of delight they had
To make all manner of men glad,
From mystic nard and pungent myrrh,
To simple leaves of lavender.

Rich fabrics of far looms arrayed
Some of that chanting cavalcade;
And these were they who rode before
And costlier presents with them bore.

Strange, lidded vessels wrought in gold
Their fine aromas might not hold,
But scattered to the morning air
The souls of roses everywhere.

And, after, came the carriers
Of casketfuls of musks and myrrhs;
Plainer, their robes, and some severe,
But sweet their song fell in mine ear.

Full many a pilgrim poorer still
Sought the great Altar on the hill,
With wayside mint for all their dower,
Or the faint-scented linden flower:

On reapers in the fields there fell
Less fair the attar's alien spell —
The women at their weaving-cards
Naught valued of the languid nards —

In the patrician villa these
Were caught by crimson balconies,
While grateful in the toilworn breast
Meek village odours found their rest.

Thus, all who marked the goodly throng
Make onward with the gift of song,
In town or hamlet, field or wood,
Called blessings on the Brotherhood.

THE EARTH-ERRAND

This memory-laden star that winds
  Through space her wistful ways,
Searching for that she not yet finds
  In all her yesterdays —
She is a troubled thought whose quest,
  Gone forth among the spheres,
Shall never know delight nor rest,
  Nor respite from her fears,
But still veer on through void and flame,
  And still expectant yearn,
Till with her prize to whence she came,
  She doth at length return.

The sun that lends her living light
  To tell her gilded years,
The moon that lanterns her at night
  To search among the spheres,
The starry hosts that wheel about
  And watch her mazes wind,
Serve dumbly with nor dread nor doubt
  That she one day will find —

That she one day will find the prize
They sent her forth to earn,
And with it through the waiting skies
Triumphantly return.

SALUTATION

Time, Change, I do salute, but not surrender!
The listening orbs of night have heard your tread,
Down the vast halls of heaven their fiery splendour
Shrouding in Titan dread.

But I, pale spark of momentary being,
Stamped out forever by your ruthless heels,
Nevertheless defy you, flashing, fleeing,
A memory 'twixt Memory's chariot-wheels!

WILFRED GRENFELL

(In the presence of Grenfell one felt a bolder than Roland, a gentler than Arthur, a more valiant than St. George. The great hall was crowded: yet Wilfred Grenfell had never slain a man.)

We sat before the study fire
  In Cambridge on a night of March;
Outside the wind had his desire
  Of moaning pine and larch.
From many a tome that graced our nook
  Of deeds done since the world began,
It chanced that Froissart was the book,
  The tale a siege of Vannes.

The Monforts watched stout Charles of Blois
  With crested towns that burnt and bled;
And he who won, his word was law
  O'er those who lay not dead.
City by city fell undone,
  As blight of battle swept the coast;
And he who greatest honour won
  Was he who ruined most.

"Paul, fling that book away!" I said;
"The wasted valour of the world,
The million voices of the dead
Who vainly died, are hurled
Through histories of pomp and power
That feasted on men's feebleness;
From Eden to this latest hour,
I hear the wild distress.

"Moses or Froissart, sanctioning Time
Has lost its potency with me;
The motive must have been sublime
That hallows butchery!"

And Paul: "The world 's arousing fast
To scorn of strength and strength alone:
Fade, fade the blood-stains of the Past,
Let Love proclaim its own."

WHEN THE SONG IS DONE

When the song is done,
  And his heart is ashes,
Never praise the singer
  Whom you, silent, heard.
What to him the sound?
  What your eyes' fond flashes?
When the singing 's over
  Say no word!

Ye who darkling stood,
  Think, your noon of praises,
Can it glimmer down
  To his deepset bower?
Never round him shone
  Once your garden mazes:
Now his wandering 's over,
  Bring no flower!

END OF VOL. II.

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